

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

FEMALE EDUCATION—PRESIDENT WILBER.

EDITORIAL.

TILL within a comparatively-recent period, very few had thought of employing the rigid discipline of science in the education of woman. The elegant departments of literature, the fine arts, the embellishments of culture were all that was deemed requisite in the accomplishment of the most thoroughly educated of the sex. "The pursuit of all knowledge" was regarded as a misnomer in any such connection. And the idea of a woman's grappling with the problems of Euclid, threading the intricacies of logic, exploring the mysteries of Greek and Hebrew, or becoming familiar with the master intellects of antiquity, was as little in accordance with the notions then prevalent concerning the proper sphere of woman as that of felling trees or heading a troop of horse. To this idea the schools for female education were conformed. As the idea failed to recognize the strength of character there is in woman, so the school failed to develop it.

Few reasons can now be urged in vindication of this mistaken system. It is already demonstrated that woman is capable of grappling with the same problems of science as the sterner sex, and that she rises from the struggle with intellectual powers invigorated and sharpened in the same way. If, then, the object of education is to discipline the intellect, to give it power, why should that discipline be denied to woman? We are not objecting to what are sometimes called "the accomplishments" of education. They have their place in the education of the youth of both sexes. They are needed to give refinement to what otherwise would be a *strong* but roughly-developed intellect. But the *strength* is just as much needed to precede the *accomplishment*, or at least to go along with it, as the underpinning is to a house. In fact, no course of

training deserves the name of *education* unless it starts the mind into activity, develops its powers, promotes its growth, and produces thought. There may be, indeed, specific studies which may lie without the line of a young lady's pursuits. It is the same with the young man. We can not all study every thing. All we contend for, and what we think must be patent to all, is, that in whatever relates to mental discipline there should be the same breadth and comprehensiveness in the system of female education as in that designed for the other sex.

This truth, which has so recently come into recognition, is already working wonders in the cause of education. Not only have female colleges come to be recognized as a fundamental feature of our grand educational system, but they are also something more than mere shadow. They stand forth equipped for work. The actual college armament—suitable buildings, apparatus, libraries, a comprehensive educational course, and able teachers—is demanded.

The portrait of one whose whole life was devoted to the practical solution of this problem, and that, too, with grand success, can not be unwelcome to our readers. While others were *theorizing*, discussing the abstract principles involved, the late President Wilber, by the patient labor of seventeen years, gave to the world a practical illustration of what may be accomplished in the education of woman. The Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College is said to have been the first chartered institution of the kind—not merely in the west, but in our country. It was the forerunner of an almost countless number which now honor every state and almost every great city of the west.

But while we honor the work, let us not forget the man.

The REV. PERLEE B. WILBER was born December 21, 1806, in Dutchess county, state of New York. At the age of seven he went to reside

with an uncle near Cayuga Lake, in the same state. Here he labored for many years on a farm. When he became of age he continued in the same occupation, and, being industrious and economical, succeeded in accumulating sufficient means to enable him to obtain a collegiate education. "The legend," says the Alumna, "of the plow-boy following his plow, on which is fastened a dictionary, he studying as he goes, is well authenticated, and indicates an early awakening, which resulted in a strong, unconquerable resolve." His academic course was pursued at Cazenovia Seminary, and his collegiate at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. He was a close student, noted for his intense application; and the result was that he rapidly advanced in his studies, maintaining in them a high position for sound scholarship. At this early period, too, he developed those traits of high-toned and conscientious moral integrity, which continued to be a crowning feature of his character through all his subsequent career.

It appears to have been his conviction, at a very early date, that he was called, in the providence of God, to labor especially in the educational department of the Church. To this end he directed his thoughts and his efforts. Immediately on leaving college he was employed in an academy at White Plains, then under the patronage of the New York conference. But before the close of the year he was elected Professor of Ancient Languages in the Cazenovia Seminary, where he had pursued his preparatory studies. In 1838 he was elected to the Presidency of the Buckingham Female Collegiate Institute, then under the patronage of the Virginia conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thenceforward to the closing scene—a period of twenty-one years—he was prominently connected with the cause of female education. It is not a little remarkable that when, a youth in the seminary, he was required to prepare an original oration upon the occasion of his first appearance in public, he chose as his theme Female Education. This seems to have been a precursor of what was to be his life's work.

When, in 1842, it was determined to establish a female school of high order in the city of Cincinnati, President Wilber was invited to take charge of it. The school was opened on the first day of September, in a private room on the same street and but a short distance from the spot on which this memoir is being written. The school was small in its beginnings, but organization and discipline were two elements that gave sure presage of ultimate success. From this small beginning, the institution has grown up to become one of the largest in the land, possessing a

patronage almost unparalleled in all the west, and embodying a course of study extensive enough to meet the largest want, and at the same time thoroughly systematized and arranged. Indeed, the whole history of the institution, during the period of seventeen years, has been one of progressive development and success. Up to this date 2,879 ladies have been enrolled as students upon the college books, representing nearly every state in the Union. Of these 279 are now enrolled as regular graduates of the institution. Many of them are well known as writers of the highest order of talent, or women abounding in every good work. Not a few of them are "in the itinerant work" as the wives of Methodist preachers, doing good service in the cause of Christ. Some have become missionaries of the cross.

Mr. Wilber, as a teacher of young ladies, occupied a foremost rank; he was a most rigid disciplinarian, so much so that he was often thought severe, but a clear analysis of his principles showed that his actions were governed by a fine sense of what he conceived to be right; his chief endeavor in their education was to make them as well acquainted with life as possible, before they were called upon to cross its threshold into the real and active world. He was a man of great inflexibility and determination, one of his most marked characteristics being to do right, lead him where'er it would, and a more fitting monument to his memory could not be raised, than that success which has attended all his efforts. He was a member first of the Ohio and then of the Cincinnati conference, from the time he identified himself with the west. But, though recognized as a minister of standing and worth in the Church, it is but just to say that he ranked much higher as an educator than a preacher, in which vocation he was most unremitting, an earnest of that regularity and indefatigable application which characterized his whole life. He was retiring in his disposition—not fond of display—but choosing to be known and honored rather by the results of hard labor and faithful service.

We quote from one who was a co-laborer with him for seventeen years: "His avowed and primary object as a teacher was to prepare those who were intrusted to his care for the responsibilities of active life, to fit them not alone to shine in society, but to resist its temptations, to avoid its allurements, to fulfill its obligations, and to bear well the burdens and trials of life. He considered woman not as an angel to be adored, neither as a toy to amuse, nor yet as a drudge and slave, but as a human being, with a mind and heart capable of unlimited develop-

ment. He sought constantly to induce habits of order and punctuality, looking at the ultimate interest of the pupil more than to momentary or present enjoyment. In the class he was clear, methodical, and observant, severe to the indolent, complacent to the diligent, gentle and considerate to the diffident or weak, and careful over the interests of all."

We can not forbear another extract from the Alumna: "Our departed friend was a good man. And when we have said this we have said all, for who can intensify the meaning of that word good? It heightens our appreciation of his goodness to remember that he himself was never conscious of its possession, but labored diligently each day as though the results of eternity depended upon the passing hour. He was a man of marked individuality, possessing that iron firmness and intense determination which march straight on to the accomplishment of their ends over and through any obstacle which may oppose their course. It was these traits which men sometimes mistook in Mr. Wilber's character, calling them by harsh names, but which to us, who knew him best, constituted a crowning excellence of the teacher and the man. His contests between duty and inclination were all fought in secret, when no eye save One beheld; when decided the decision was final, and he came forth pledged to follow whithersoever duty might lead. If the tide of fashionable folly was rolling up upon his work threatening to destroy the labor of years and to blight ere their blossoming the hopes of years to come, that invincible will threw itself between the foe and his jealously-guarded charge, in whom were centered his expectations of a perfected Christian womanhood, and with a tireless energy, which some men called blind impetuosity and others culpable austerity, toiled to avert the danger as only they toil who realize its fearful extent. At such times he was guilty of no ambiguity in the use of terms; in expostulating with his pupils he called things by their right names, startling oftentimes by the wonderful power of our good old Saxon tongue to stir to its depths the innermost being."

The same writer referring to the Board of Trustees writes the following eloquent tribute: "Many of this Board are men who have carved their own fortunes in life, who have risen by their own unaided efforts, and who now, with other heroes like themselves, constitute in the commercial world an element of power. There is much of the sublime in the ministry of these men through long years at the fountain whose waters were denied their thirsting lips in early youth. When some future Harriet Hosmer—who shall arise, it may be, from our own ranks—

shall seek for a subject, which, embodied in marble, may adorn a chosen niche of the fair temple that must at some not distant day arise upon the site of our present humble one, let her select this scene of the fountain and its manly guardians, as, battling still with prejudice and ignorance, they keep pure the living tide, ever crying to the daughters of the land, 'Come!' But let her not carve beneath it—'these shared the common fate of public benefactors.' The gratitude of two thousand educated women, who teach to their children the same emotion, is a reward for which sovereigns have longed in vain—a recompense the joy of whose unfathomed richness angels are ignorant of."

The death of Mr. Wilber was sudden and unexpected. A slight indisposition, from which no danger was apprehended, suddenly terminated in congestion of the brain, which in the brief period of thirty hours had completed its work. His system, shaken by his heavy cares and labors, sunk beneath the attack, with no power to rally; and the strong man fell into the slumber of death. From the nature and rapidity of the disease he left no verbal testimony. It was one of the afflictions of that dark hour that he could give no responsive utterance to the affection poured around him, nor tell of divine support and immortal hope. But no depth of despairing agony could for one moment doubt the undying affection of his heart. And his life—better than all utterances of speech—was a living witness of the truth of the Christian religion, giving assurance that, "with him, to die was gain."

"Serene, serene,
He pressed the crumbling verge of this terrestrial scene,

Breathed soft in childlike trust
The patient groan,
Gave back to dust its dust,
To heaven its own."

His funeral was attended in Wesley Chapel, where he had through so many years appeared in the midst of his pupils on the annual festivals of the institution. An immense concourse of students, alumnae, patrons, and friends, indicated the public appreciation of the loss sustained in his death. A long procession followed him to the grave; and all that was mortal of Perlee B. Wilber now slumbers side by side with his departed little ones, in a beautiful cemetery in the suburbs of the Queen City of the west, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

As there are no trials so great as to be beyond the reach of Christian principles, so are there none so small as to be beneath their influence.

JOYOUS ANTICIPATIONS.

BY MRS. F. M. ROWE.

THE secrets of our destinies are hid within the folds of coming years. We are thus permitted to indulge our propensity to believe that every thing of which we are ignorant is pleasant and beautiful. The sorrows and woes of life being concealed, we are wont to people the future with existences as bright and fair as the hopes within our bosoms. This looking forward to pleasant things we call joyous anticipations.

When we consider the wondrous power of the mind, the wise adaptation of all things in nature to our wants and our necessities, we are convinced that our Creator designed us for happiness. For us there lurks a spirit of peaceful pleasure in the shady woodland, the sunny dell, in the flush of morn, and in the dusky, starlit sky of evening, and a spirit of harmony floats around all the wonders of the universe, and an inheritance of rich memories from all the ages of the past is also ours.

But when the spirit of pleasure has lost its power to charm, when the mind is sated with the enjoyment of pleasant memories, wearied by the multiplied cares of the present, we turn to the future, and in the wild beauty of our own anticipations we find a pleasing pastime, a never-failing source of enjoyment. Hope paints upon the dark clouds of the future a picture tinged with the light of our brightest imaginings. And as a child gazing at the stars holds sweet converse with them, deeming them angels, so we, gazing at the fair picture of fancy, live in the atmosphere of another world, and so complete is the charmed existence, that we forget for a time life's sorrows and are happy. Yet we are often prone to think it would be well for us could we know what awaits us in life, and are apt to question the benevolence of an arrangement by which we are excluded from a knowledge of coming events. But in this arrangement, as in all else in nature, the wisdom of our great Benefactor is remarkably displayed. Could we lift the mystic vail and view the future, the happy and propitious would be obscured by the gloomy and sorrowful. Thus a knowledge of coming events, far from increasing our joys, would only crowd into one moment all the woes of a lifetime, and, overwhelmed by so many troubles, we would sit down in despair. Happily for us our all-wise Father has decreed that the future shall be as a sealed book to the eyes of man. But to none of us is denied the guide to happiness—the bright angel of hope. Indeed, it is hardly probable that there could be found one individual among the millions of readers of the Repository who

does not regard the future as the great storehouse of happiness. We all look forward to a time not far distant when every thing shall float smoothly along, and happiness pure and lasting shall be ours. The youth looks forward to the full stature and high privileges of manhood as the acme of all his hopes. If you ask the professional man why he applies himself with such unwearied energy to the arduous duties of his calling, his reply will be, "I expect to attain a noble distinction in my profession, and am determined to strive nobly till my anticipations are realized." Go ask the honest farmer why he labors through storm and endures the scorching heat of summer, and he will tell you that he anticipates a time when, in the bosom of his family, he shall enjoy the fruits of his labor, and be happy. See the student bending over the volumes of classic lore long after the wee small hours have passed. Hope is breathing around him her enchanted atmosphere, and urging him on by the anticipation of all that man holds dear—visions of wealth, honor, fame, love, and happiness. But of what avail will all our anticipations be if they reach not beyond the tomb? Naught. Like beautiful delusions they will melt away at our approach; for they all speak of perfect happiness, which may not be found pure and lasting this side the golden hills of immortality. The bitter dregs rise so easily that we seldom quaff pure bliss from the cup of life.

Yet some tell us that the grave shall swallow us up forever, that the moldering shroud shall never be exchanged for the garb of heaven. Surely such men covet the mantle of oblivion to hide their crimes, and have learned to forget the lessons of immortality taught by every thing around us. The flowers bloom for a few days, shedding around our pathway the spirit of beauty, and then droop and die, to be revived when spring cometh. The pale moon fades away—is lost in the realms of darkness and returns. When the king of day sinks to rest beyond the western horizon, the clouds and darkness gather around us for a season; they all flee away before the brightness of his coming. If the flowers perish but revive, if the pale moon retires away into the heavens and comes back again, if the sun leaves us in darkness but comes again in glory, if a man die shall he not live again? Ay, and in a brighter world than this; live where tears and woe never come. Though our anticipations of perfect happiness are never realized here, though like beautiful visions they continually advance just beyond our reach, yet up there in heaven's fair clime bliss shall be ours, purer than our loftiest hopes, and more glorious than our fondest imaginings.

TRIFLES.

BY S. C. FOGG.

TO conclude a chapter of postulates, a recent writer remarks that analytical minds are privileged to enjoy more fully the provisions of nature than those mental organizations which are content with mere recognitions of facts and circumstances. The proposition is certainly not far from being self-evident—approaching quite as near that ultimatum as does the assumption that the general tendency of fire is to burn. He who is accustomed to separate the elements composing those objects which engage his attention, must naturally arrive at a better understanding and appreciation of their purposes as a whole, and without this exercise many of our ordinary surroundings are utterly incomprehensible. The complex relations which spring from a high state of civilization, can have no other effect than to confound those persons who have been described as leading a negative existence—who are indisposed to examine the textures of the innumerable fabrics which constitute the web of life—who derive no satisfaction in contemplating the varied operations beneath the surface of society, which impart to it its pleasant or repulsive aspects for the time being. Hence, he who regards the present as a something just sprung from the past, as directly as did Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, uses it for his purpose ere it shall take flight; and as he has not considered the components of those privileges in hand, the little things of every-day occurrence—the events of to-day which must influence life to-morrow—are permitted to perform their functions unobserved. Indeed, this class is by no means small in every community, and there are but few persons who attach to little things that importance which belongs to them. It is nothing less than an evidence of true greatness to be able to comprehend grave matters in their minor details, and to execute apparently-trivial duties in a creditable manner, while superintending interests of greater magnitude. The mind which can not contract, as well as dilate itself, observes Bacon, is not great in the most important sense and to its full extent. If Mozart, Beethoven, and Bach have vindicated their claims to human sympathy in the production of the most magnificent oratorios which have yet fallen upon the ear of man, it is not less a historical fact that each possessed the power of entrancing the multitude by performing a touching ballad with the left hand. Washington would not abandon the regulation of his financial affairs to his most confidential friend; and in the stately sentences of Carlyle, we are informed that the great Frederick exacted a rigid

mathematical precision among his advisers when rendering their schedules of minor expenses. The philosophical kite-flyer, who first demonstrated man's dominion over as subtle an agent as lightning, in a sober moment cautions his people to have an eye upon those trifling expenses which will gradually consume the largest fortune. There is no individual in society, no matter how exalted by virtue of material or intellectual circumstances, who may not engage in the common concerns of existence, without compromising his position. Even nature is not wholly composed of the vast and stupendous. If a Niagara here and a Mont Blanc there, apologize for the insignificance of mortality and fill the heart with awe, the vast expanse is incomplete without the flowers, the shrubs and herbs, the vines and grasses which glisten in the dew of morn, the trees, the water-plants and sea-weeds, the shells upturned by the waves, the graceful and delicate coralline formations which mock man's puny efforts, the fishes of the sea, the birds of the air, reptiles and animals. These multifarious objects, when taken in the aggregate, inspire astonishment and excite the imagination; but it is in the investigation of their respective constituents that opportunities are afforded for the display of intellectual vigor. The analyst engages in this exercise, and in proportion as he is enabled to determine the value of separate organisms can he form a correct estimate of the grand whole. Hence, the study of details is essential to the acquisition of practical knowledge. All individual achievements which are truly worthy of the name, are the offspring of this process, and owe their existence to causes which at one time appeared comparatively unimportant. The sum of human knowledge can be resolved into small facts, the contributions of patient workers in successive generations. The world's great men are those who "despise not the day of small things," as has been exemplified in their actions a thousand times. Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor to his studio the labor which he had bestowed upon a statue since his previous visit. "I have retouched this part—polished that—softened this feature—brought out that muscle—given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the master of the chisel, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

History is pregnant with facts to prove that little things may operate to produce great results. How many revolutions, how many wars, how many changes of government have been effected by trifling causes! The loves of Paris and Helen caused the fair maiden to be carried away from

the house of Menelaus; all Greece espoused the husband's cause, a ten years' war ensued, and the besieged city of Troy was finally reduced to ashes. The last appeal of Columbus touched the heart of Isabella, and the simple observation of some floating sea-weeds enabled the same man to quell a mutiny which had arisen among his crew when almost in sight of the New World. Oliver Cromwell had sent his trunks on board a vessel lying in the Thames, in which he proposed to embark for America; but the order was revoked, he remained on his native soil, and England gained constitutional liberty. An English man-of-war was anchored in the Potomac, waiting to carry the boy, Washington, from his home to serve in the British navy; but his mother shed holy tears at the idea of losing her darling; the youth was affected, his baggage was returned, and his country was delivered in "the days that tried men's souls." The first Napoleon came humiliated from a Jew with a pawnbroker's ticket in his pocket; he contemplated suicide in the Seine, but Austerlitz, Waterloo, and St. Helena were yet to come; some trifle interposed, and he did not die. Glancing from the consideration of causes which have subserved the interests of nationalities to circumstances which have, in a different manner, exerted a marked influence upon human destiny, we find the agency of trifles not less distinctly asserted. Newton's beautiful theory of gravitation was developed by the falling of an apple, after he had devoted many years of patient labor to the investigation of the subject. Galileo conceived the idea of applying the pendulum to the measurement of time from witnessing the regular swinging of a large lamp suspended in the cathedral at Pisa, and was also led to the invention of the telescope from observing the magnifying effect produced by two pieces of glass which had accidentally been placed together. The germ of the electric telegraph lay in Galvani's discovery that the leg of a frog quivered when placed in contact with different metals. If Euclid had not persevered as he did over the abstract relations of lines and surfaces, of obtuse and rectilineal angles, rhombuses and rhomboids, we should, in all probability, have been without most of the mechanical inventions which are at this time blessings to man. The world would have remained in a state of ignorance far removed from bliss, if the originators of the mighty results which have been instanced had not regarded the trifles which helped to make up their existence. The circumstances which elicited their observation were the same which had existed for ages, but had hitherto remained unnoticed. It is the intelligent vision of the careful man which detects the value of these apparently-trivial

phenomena, while his less meditative neighbor observes nothing in them worthy of interest. In the words of the Russian proverb, the latter character "goes through the forest and sees no fire-wood," and Solomon speaks of him as one that "walketh in darkness." On every hand is asserted the necessity of an acquaintance with little things, though the mere sciolist may affect to disregard them. Success in any pursuit is entirely dependent upon the degree of attention which one bestows upon its minor details. In order to become a Newton in natural philosophy or a Butler in metaphysics, one must resort to the searching analysis which was the prelude to their broad generalizations. The price of perfection in art has been defined by Angelo himself, and another eminent authority remarks that "he who aspires to attain the stars must build a foundation upon the mind's gold dust." The trifles of life, health, and conduct, also, demand care and thought, for upon them is founded every thing which can render manhood and old age peaceful and serene.

As the mirror reflects the image of the object which is placed before it, so do the daily acts of a person's life serve to indicate his character. The manner in which we conduct ourselves in our relations to superiors or inferiors, is an infallible test of true nobility. Says a modern author, "The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws the blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-ax of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life." Since so much of the happiness of others depends upon the conduct of a single individual, how essential it is that the finer feelings of human nature should be regarded with sacred reverence in the intercourse of each day, and that each should use toward his fellow that civility which, to quote Lady Montague, "costs nothing and buys every thing!" The little acts of charity and kindness which one may constantly perform for his brother's benefit in the humble walks of life, besides causing light to shine in darkness, will also, in that day for which all other days were made, serve as the actor's little deeds to the consideration of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it also to me."

THE BATTLE OF THE DICTIONARIES.

BY REV. JOHN F. MARLAY, A. M.

IT is to be presumed that every citizen of this great and enlightened republic is or might be an orator or an essayist; hence all must be interested in the literary war now raging between Springfield and Boston. The rival publishers of Webster and Worcester seem determined to prosecute the campaign vigorously, and to decide if possible which of the two great competing dictionaries shall be the standard of the English language. The contest is carried on by means of circulars, pamphlets, etc., which fly thick and fast from side to side. "Webster's Dictionaries," "The Critic Criticised: A Reply to a Review of Webster's System," "Worcester Vindicated," "A Review of Worcester's Dictionary," "Recommendations of Webster's Dictionary from Presidents of Colleges," etc., "Webster's Dictionary in Boston," etc., are some of the titles of these pamphlets. It is to be regretted that this struggle is not conducted in very good temper, on the part of the Boston firm at least. A pamphlet issued in March last by this house contains many unjust and ungenerous allegations against Dr. Webster, such as a high-minded rival should disdain to make. When, for instance, it is said, "Noah Webster possessed no extraordinary natural ability, and not sufficiently profound philological learning to qualify him," etc., that "his labors, though long and patiently protracted, were, to a great extent, barren of any satisfactory results," fair-minded and intelligent readers must be forced to the conclusion that it is a desperate cause which demands such aid. There will necessarily be a lively competition between these two rival works, the effect of which will undoubtedly be to increase the circulation of both. But there need not be a war of extermination. There is room enough in the United States for both. Scholars who are able will become possessors of both; those who are not so happy in their financial circumstances will, of course, "get the best."

It is a fact somewhat discreditable to Worcester that he intentionally ignores—for purposes of citation—all editions of Webster later than that of 1841—the last published during Webster's lifetime. And thus it happens that some things are attributed to Webster's Dictionary which the work known to the public by that name does not contain. If, for instance, the reader compares the pronunciation of *aidde-camp*, *aerie*, and many other words in the two dictionaries, he will see pronunciation attributed to Webster which no edition of his work since 1841 authorizes. Inasmuch as Prof. Goodrich's

edition is the only one now published under the title of Webster's Dictionary, it would certainly occur to any really-honorable competitor that citations should be made from it.

The immediate cause of this lexicographical war was the almost simultaneous publication at the close of the year 1859, and at the beginning of this year, of Dr. Worcester's new and attractive quarto Dictionary and a new and greatly-enlarged and improved edition of Webster's Unabridged. Of the latter work, which is undoubtedly the standard of the English language in this country, it seems almost impossible to speak too highly. As it came from the editorial hand of Prof. Goodrich in 1847, it was hailed with enthusiastic approval by the public, and was thought to be a great advance upon even the last labors of Dr. Webster. The edition of 1859, however, shows a still greater advance, and really leaves very little to be desired in the way of a complete dictionary. We may briefly refer to the new matter contained in this noble quarto of nearly two thousand pages; and, 1. Fifteen hundred very finely-executed pictorial illustrations of objects in architecture, heraldry, mechanics, natural history, mythology, archæology, costume, etc. In justification of the use of pictorial illustrations, the editor quotes the following capital remarks from Locke: "It is not unreasonable to propose that words standing for things which are known and distinguished by their outward shapes should be expressed by little draughts and prints made of them. Naturalists that treat of plants and animals have found the benefit of this way, and he that has had occasion to consult them, will have reason to confess that he has a clearer idea of opium or ibex from a little print of that herb or beast than he could have from a long definition of the names of either of them." The wood cuts in Webster are presented all by themselves among the introductory matter of the volume. Some would prefer Worcester's plan of scattering them through the body of the work, but one great advantage of placing them together is, that the reader is enabled to refresh the memory with meanings, addressed at once to the eye and the understanding, of a series of cognate terms instead of having to hunt for them through thousands of pages.

In the body of the work a star is attached to each word illustrated, showing the reader where the illustration may be found. In neatness of finish, scientific accuracy, and beauty of design, these illustrations are unsurpassed. There are some fifteen hundred of these in all, being several hundred more than Worcester's Dictionary contains, to say nothing of their superior

execution—a point that may be settled easily by a comparison of the two books. In the illustration of nautical affairs Webster has fifty-five elegant drawings and Worcester three. In the department of heraldry Webster inserts the coats of arms of Austria, Brazil, Chili, Denmark, Colombia, France, England, Greece, Guatemala, Hayti, Ireland, Mexico, Monte Video, the Netherlands, Prussia, Rome, Russia, St. Salvador, Saxony, Scotland, Spain, Switzerland, the United States, and each of the states of the United States, with a translation of their legends into English, together with one hundred and sixteen additional plates illustrating the terms of heraldry; but the reader will search Worcester in vain for any thing of the description of the former, and will find very few illustrations of the latter.

The second new feature in the last edition of Webster's Unabridged is the Table of Synonyms, prepared by Prof. Goodrich. All who use the English language, and especially all who have occasion to write, will highly prize this excellent table—the most valuable compilation on the subject ever published, in the judgment of many able critics. Good writing and good talking are characterized—we might almost say—chiefly by a selection of words with reference to nice shades of meaning. In Roget's Thesaurus, Crabbe's Synonyms, and similar works, the general resemblance of words is shown, but the reader looks in vain for the exact shade of differences, as in the following from Webster:

"AMPLE, COPIOUS, ABUNDANT, PLENTIFUL. These words agree in representing a thing as *large*, but under different relations according to the image which is used. *Ample* implies largeness, producing a sufficiency or fullness of supply for every want; as *ample* stores or resources, *ample* provision. *Copious* carries with it the idea of *flow* or collection at a single point; as a *copious* fountain, a *copious* supply of materials, '*copious* matter for song'—MILTON. *Abundant* and *plentiful* refer to largeness of quantity; as *abundant* stores, *plentiful* harvests."

In the matter of synonyms Webster unquestionably has the advantage, notwithstanding a great deal was said to the public about "getting the best" in waiting for Worcester. The following exhibit is but a specimen of numerous similar coincidences which might be furnished, showing that in this department Worcester is mainly a transcription from Platt:

PLATT.	WORCESTER.
ABANDON. Bad parents abandon their children; men abandon the unfortunate objects of their	ABANDON, <i>syn.</i> Bad parents abandon their children; men abandon the unfortunate objects of

PLATT.

guilty passions; a mariner *abandons* his vessel and cargo in a storm when he has lost all hope of saving them; we *abandon* our houses and property to the spoils of an invading army; men are *abandoned* by their friends; they *abandon* themselves to unlawful pleasures; we *desert* a post or station; *leave* the country; *forake* companions; *relinquish* claims; *quit* business; the soul *quits* the body; *resign* an office; *renounce* a profession, the world; *abdicate* a throne; *surrender* a town; *surrender* what we have in trust; *cede* a province; *concede* a point; *yield* to an opponent; *yield* not to temptation; *resign* an office; *abandon* a measure; *forego* a claim or a pleasure.

ABASE. The proud should be *abased*; the lofty *humbled*; the unworthy become *degraded*; the vicious *disgrace* and *debase* themselves by their follies and vices.

WORCESTER.

their guilty passions; men are *abandoned* by their friends; they *abandon* themselves to unlawful pleasures; a mariner *abandons* his vessel and cargo in a storm; we *abandon* our houses and property to an invading army; we *desert* a post or station; *leave* the country; *forake* companions; *relinquish* claims; *quit* business; *resign* an office; *renounce* a profession or the world; *abdicate* a throne; *surrender* a town; *surrender* what we have in trust; *abandon* a measure or an enterprise; *forego* a claim or a pleasure; *banish* offenders.

ABASE. The proud should be *abased*; the lofty *humbled*; the unworthy become *degraded*; the vicious *disgrace* and *debase* themselves by their follies and vices.

It will be observed by the reader that there is not even an attempt in the above to point out the precise shades of difference in meaning—the very thing, it would seem, for which a treatise on synonyms is designed. A comparison of Webster with his rival in this department will sufficiently exhibit the superiority of the former. We take the first of the above examples:

"TO ABANDON, DESERT, FORSAKE. These words agree in representing a person as *giving up* or *leaving* some object, but differ as to the mode of doing it.

"The distinctive sense of *abandon* is that of giving up a thing absolutely and finally, as if placed under a *ban*; as to *abandon* one's friends or profession. Crabbe is wrong in saying that it is always used in a bad sense, since we speak of *abandoning* a hopeless enterprise, or *abandoning* a shipwrecked vessel. *Desert* is from *de* and *sero*, to cease cultivating or taking care of one's land. As this ordinarily supposes criminal neglect, the verb, when applied to *persons* in the active voice, has usually or always a bad sense, implying some breach of fidelity, honor,

etc.; as to *desert* one's colors, to *desert* one's post, to *desert* one's principles or duty. When used in the passive the sense is not necessarily bad; as the fields were *deserted*, a *deserted* village, *deserted* halls. *Forsake* is from the Saxon *for* and *sacan*, to seek no longer, or to seek *forth* and away from. It, therefore, as its distinctive sense, supposes previous union; as the blood *forsook* his cheeks, or that the thing left had been familiar or frequented; as to *forsake* old friends, to *forsake* the paths of rectitude, etc. It may be used either in a good or bad sense."

In the above, quoted of course from the last edition of Webster, the student will find a thorough and philosophical analysis of the meaning of resemblant words, and not simply a sentence in which each word may be used, leaving one as liable almost to employ the word inaccurately as he would be without any instruction whatever.

In regard to the most essential feature of a dictionary, *definitions*, there can hardly be two opinions as to the comparative merits of Webster and Worcester. One of the ablest champions of the latter work admits that in this respect "Webster's Dictionary has from the first stood preëminent. Its definitions had the then rare merit of conveying information in the most lucid terms—in terms that did not themselves need to be defined. And the vocabulary contained many thousands of words in common use not then to be found in any dictionary." In the matter of definitions Worcester has labored under the great disadvantage that Webster had gone before him—affixing to the words in the English language the best definitions, probably, that could be given them. In order, therefore, to maintain the originality of his work, Worcester has been obliged to construct new and inferior ones. A few examples will best illustrate this point, and these may be taken at random from almost any corresponding pages of the works. Compare the two on the word *Arminian*:

WORCESTER.

ARMINIAN, *n.* A follower of James Arminius, a native of Holland, whose system of religious doctrines was opposed on several points to that of Calvin.

WEBSTER.

ARMINIAN, *n.* One of a sect or party of Christians, so called from Arminius, or Harman-sen, of Holland, who flourished at the close of the sixteenth century and beginning of the seventeenth. The Arminian doctrines are: 1. Conditional election and reprobation in opposition to absolute predestination. 2. Universal redemption, or

WORCESTER.

FAITH. 1. Fidelity; faithfulness; truthfulness; truth; constancy. "The faith of God." *Rom. iii, 3.*

5. (*Theol.*) Trust in God, accompanied with a belief in revelation; trust in Christ as a Savior.

WEBSTER.

that the atonement was made by Christ for all mankind, though none but believers can be partakers of the benefit. 3. That man, in order to exercise true faith, must be regenerated and renewed by the operation of the Holy Spirit, which is the gift of God, but that this grace is not irresistible, and may be lost, so that men may relapse from a state of grace and die in their sins.—*Encyc.*

FAITH. 1. Belief; the assent of the mind to the truth of what is declared by another, resting on his authority and veracity without other evidence; the judgment that what another states or testifies is the truth. I have strong *faith* or no *faith* in the testimony of a witness, or in what a historian narrates.

3. In *theology* the assent of the mind or understanding to the truth of what God has revealed. Simple belief of the Scriptures, of the being and perfections of God, and of the existence, character, and doctrines of Christ, founded on the testimony of the sacred writers, is called *historical* or *speculative faith*; a faith little distinguished from the belief of the existence and achievements of Alexander or Cæsar.

4. *Evangelical, justifying*, or *saving faith* is the assent of the mind to the truth of Divine revelation on the authority of God's testimony, accompanied with a cordial assent of the will or approbation of the heart; an entire confidence or trust in God's character and declaration, and

WORCESTER.

WEBSTER.

in the character and doctrines of Christ, with an unreserved surrender of the will to his guidance and dependence on his merits for salvation. In other words, that firm belief of God's testimony, and of the truth of the Gospel, which influences the will and leads to an entire reliance on Christ for salvation.

Space will not allow us to continue these comparisons. The above are but fair specimens of what might be extended through all the pages of the Repository.

Worcester has been highly commended for the fullness of his vocabulary; but an examination will show that in numerous instances he has increased the quantity at the expense of the quality of his vocabulary. Extract from his work words wholly obsolete—neologisms which died out with those who introduced them—and compound terms self-explanatory, and it will be found, perhaps, that Webster's vocabulary is the fullest. What right to a place in a dictionary have such compound terms as *apron-string* and *shoe-string*, which go to swell the vocabulary of Worcester? Among the unauthorized and unnecessary words—mere local colloquialisms or barbarisms—found in Worcester, take the following: untellable, untriumphable, untrowable, untrussed, untuckered, unuplifted, unwappered, unwormwooded, unwisdom, unwearable, unwhite-washed, unvulgarized, unquarrelable, unquaker, unruinable, unrenavigable, cockneyfy, cookee, coxcomicality, dandyize, dandyling, incoherentific, imperiwigged, intersomnious, circumbendibus, jiggumbob, solumnigate, fiddlefaddler, grammatization, sapientize, wegotism, weism, somniative, perfectionation, sententiousity, maximize, serimption, solivagous, dirt-pie, pish-pash, fiddle-dee-dee, etc. The reader will observe in looking over the pages of Worcester that he gives column after column of obsolete words, such as *awhape*, *awk*, *awreke*, *awkly*, *awork*, *connation*, *ennew*, *enode*, *enorm*, *eprive*, *enpierce*, *enrheum*, etc. Whether such additions to an English dictionary are dictated by an enlightened regard for the purity of the language the reader must judge for himself.

Almost all the strictures upon Webster are expended upon its orthography. It is true, as the statistics will show, that five-sixths of the school-books published in this country, so far as they follow any standard, follow Webster, and it is

also true that twenty of his dictionaries are sold to one of any other. But at the same time, if we are to credit assertions made and published to the world by very respectable writers, Webster is a philological vandal intent upon destroying our fair heritage of English undefiled. A writer in the New York Home Journal furnishes a list of words in which Webster's orthography differs from that of Worcester. It does not embrace more than a hundred words, probably, and the reader will be surprised to find how so slight a cause has created a tremendous uproar in the literary world. Let us examine a few of these words. *Axe*, WORCESTER; *Ax*, WEBSTER. Webster's spelling of this word is in accordance with that of many of the oldest and best lexicons; it is the form used for more than two hundred years in our English Bible, and it is in analogy with other words of like ending, as *wax*, *tax*, etc. *Contemporary*, WORCESTER; *cotemporary*, WEBSTER. Both forms are given by Webster, but he prefers the latter, because it is shorter and more easily pronounced. For similar reasons, no doubt, it is now almost universally adopted. *Plough*, WORCESTER; *plow*, WEBSTER. When it is known that all manufacturers, dealers, and farmers agree in spelling it *plow*; when the National Agricultural Society, the American Institute, every state agricultural society—except one—spells it *plow*; when it is known that our English Bible for more than two hundred years has spelled it *plow*, it seems unnecessary to defend the orthography of the word adopted by Webster. If we must have *plough*, says an exceedingly able critic in the Tribune, let us have *nough*, *hough*, *cough*, for *now*, *how*, *cow*.

Of miscellaneous words not easily classified, but of which the above are specimens, there are about twenty cited in the spelling of which Webster is charged with being an innovator. But it is answered that some of these were in common use centuries before Webster was born, and all of them before his American dictionary was published, so that in respect to these words at least the charge of innovation falls to the ground. But what if they are innovations? May not etymology, analogy, and convenience justify such changes in the orthography of words?

Twenty-eight words are given which Webster spells with one *l*, as *modeling*, *traveling*, *rivaling*, *reveling*, *dueling*, *equaling*, etc., which, it is contended by old foggydom, should be spelled with two *l*'s. And yet the very persons who take this ground use but one *l* in spelling *appareling*, *barreling*, *cudgeling*, *disheveling*, *empanneling*, etc. This list might be extended to several hundred words. Who can remember the twenty-eight exceptions? Webster's rule, authorized by

analogy, is this: Primitives ending with a single consonant, preceded by a single vowel, and *accented on the last syllable*, double the final consonant, as *control, controller; refer, referring*; when not accented on the last syllable, they do not double the final consonant, as *bevel, beveling; worship, worshipping*.

On the subject now under consideration the New York Independent holds the following language: "Some journals which advocate Worcester's orthography, as established by English usage, unconsciously follow Webster's mode of spelling disputed words. Sometimes, too, they abuse Webster for incorrect spelling in his *own* orthography! The Boston Courier, in a leader against Webster's orthography, used ten words in the spelling of which Webster and Worcester differ, and in nine of these words the Courier itself followed Webster! Another Boston paper brought out not long since an elaborate announcement of Worcester's Dictionary printed in good Webster style. An evening paper, by authority, set up the same announcement, copying from the morning journal. But just before the paper went to press, a messenger came post haste to make the spelling of the advertisement conform to the standard which it commended. He succeeded in expunging all but *one* Websterism."

A new and popular feature of Webster's pictorial edition is a table of about eight thousand "names of distinguished individuals of all the countries of modern times," each name with its pronunciation indicated through a re-spelling of the word by the English representatives of its true sounds, and each with the country of his residence and his profession or occupation also noted. Worcester's Dictionary contains an imitation of this table, giving less than three thousand names, with their pronunciation left in doubt, and without any allusion to their residence or employment.

Such is a brief, and, it is hoped, candid and just review of the "Battle of Dictionaries." The material for this article has been taken from a score of pamphlets, issued in the interests of the contending parties. No attempt has been made to unjustly depreciate Dr. Worcester's great work. It is a monument of learning, of patient research, and of indefatigable labor. In many respects it differs but little from Webster's, but wherein it does it is inferior. We can not better express our views in closing than by giving the words of an able writer in the New Englander: "The country is broad enough, and the wants of the community urgent and various enough to tolerate if not to welcome the two. Let there be, then, no quarrel between them.

The man is well enough off, perhaps, who possesses either, and he is to be congratulated who is able to own both. But if a man can have but one, in our judgment, Webster's is the one for him to choose. For, on the whole, we are forced to conclude that, great as are the merits of Worcester, they by no means eclipse those of Webster, but, on the contrary, themselves suffer eclipse."

MARY PAYSON'S TRIALS.

BY CARRIE CARROL.

CHAPTER I.

"I DO not believe I shall go to church to-day," said Mary Payson to her cousin Clara Grey, as the two passed through the hall after leaving the breakfast table. "My new bonnet did not come home in spite of that woman's promises, and besides, I feel all out of sorts."

"O! you must," said Clara. "Never mind the bonnet. I want to tell you what I heard Laura Lane say yesterday afternoon. I could not enjoy my evening with Julia, because I wanted to get home and tell you, but when I came you were asleep, and mamma would not let me wake you, because, she said, you had had the headache."

The cousins proceeded to their own room—which had been put in order by the chamber-maid while they were eating—and drawing their luxurious chairs before the glowing grate, sat down, while Clara went on very energetically. "I would n't have you stay away for any thing. She would say that I had heard her and persuaded you not to go, and Somers would suppose we really did think her of some importance."

"But what did she say?" said Mary, impatiently.

"Why, it was at Morton's. I was looking at some silks, when she came in with George Somers—she asks him to go some place with her every time she meets him, I know she does, and she ought to be ashamed to be so bold—and as soon as she saw me she came and stood near and pretended to be looking at some velvet. She just nodded to me, and then went to talking to him in a sort of an under-tone; but she knew I could hear it, so she did, and she meant I should. 'O!' said she, 'my cousin Dora is coming in the evening train, and I shall bring her with me to church to-morrow. She will remain six months, and will be such an addition to our choir—that is, if Mary Payson will change *her* seat, for when I wrote to her that she must help us sing in church when she came, she said she would if she might be permitted to sit by me. You know she will be a stranger to every one else, so it is a

very natural feeling.' Somers said something, I could n't tell what, and then turned to speak to me, but she would not let him off. 'I hope not,' she said, 'but ever since we joined the choir she has been jealous of my having the first place and she only the second. So I shall not dare to mention it to her. I'll just tell Mr. Stanley how it is, and let him arrange it.'"

"You jealous of Laura Lane! Only think of that, Mary; and then think of her artfulness, too. She knows Stanley pays attention to you, and if he does not do as she wants him to, she will tell every person that that is the reason."

Mary's lip curled, but her heart throbbed. Would Stanley—who was leader of the choir—ask her to give way to Laura Lane? Not if he cared for her, she was certain of that; but Mary, though painfully conscious that Charles Stanley was dearer to her than all the rest of the world, felt very uncertain whether his feeling for her was stronger than a passing fancy. She had often heard him speak scornfully of those meek spirits who were, he said, too indolent to assert their rights, declaring he had no fancy for those milk-and-water ladies who languidly submitted to be imposed upon; and now if he should ask her to yield to Laura Lane it would be unendurable.

She particularly disliked Laura, who had joined the fashionable choir of the fashionable Universalist Church, which Mr. Grey's family attended at the same time that she did; and though Mary, whose voice might have made her fortune of the stage, was immediately selected by her associates to stand by the instrument—a place of honor—and lead one part of the music, yet the dashing Laura talked so much of the manner in which she had taken the lead in a vocal class, that the dignified Mary, to avoid a controversy, took the second place. Since she heard Stanley tell what he admired in woman, she had regretted having done so, and now Laura was about to attempt to make her take the third place. What should she do? She rose up, and walking to the window stood for some time leaning her forehead against the glass and looking into the street.

She heard the clear tones of the Sabbath school bells, cheerily calling happy children to the house of God, and saw the glad little ones with their books in their hands hastening to obey the welcome summons, but was not conscious of what she heard and saw. Charles Stanley and Laura Lane were before her mental vision and absorbed her thoughts. Her strong desire was to stay at home, and her pride said it would be better far than to condescend to a quarrel with Laura. But then this would only put off the trouble and make it harder another Sabbath. So

with a heavy heart she prepared for church, not now caring for the new bonnet.

As the cousins walked to church there was no thought worthy of the holy day in either mind. They talked incessantly of how they should circumvent Laura, whom Clara disliked not only on Mary's account, but because she looked upon her as her own rival in the affections of George Somers.

"I did not tell you," said she, "half that she said. She talked all the time so as to provoke me, and at the same time keep Somers from speaking to me. She did not succeed in that, though. She said if she was to be resolute about it, the rest of the choir would insist on your giving way, for they did not think they could get along without her. So if you will keep your place, he will see that she overrates herself, and that they do not think as much of her as she imagines; and Clara's face glowed with pleasure at the thought."

Clara's health was so delicate, and her lungs were so easily injured that her physician had forbidden her joining the choir, which was a great deprivation to her, though not so much of a one as it would have been if Somers had been a member. "Now, remember," said she, as Mary started up the flight of stairs which led to the gallery, and then she walked into the church and took her seat in her father's pew, wishing heartily that she had eyes in the back of her head so that she could see the singers without gratifying Miss Laura by looking around.

During the voluntary she listened for Mary's clear, ringing tones in vain; not a note could she distinguish, and she waited with feverish impatience till the first hymn was given out and the congregation all looked up at the gallery, for then she felt willing to look too: but when she did so Mary was not there, and her place was occupied by a stranger. Laura frequently glanced from her book toward Clara, who tried in vain to keep the hot blood from deluging her face.

While Clara sits apparently listening to the sermon—we leave our readers to judge how much of it she heard—let us follow Mary, who felt very much relieved when she first entered the gallery, to see that Laura was not there. She took her seat, and soon after there was a bustle behind her, as of a number entering at once; then she heard Laura's voice and could distinguish the words, "She is a stranger, you know, and it would be unpleasant for her to sit any place else," and Stanley's voice answered, "It must be just as Miss Payson says, I shall not presume to interfere."

Still she did not look around till Laura spoke to her, bade her good-morning, introduced her

cousin, and asked her if she would not take the next chair, so that Dora could sit by her. She pressed her lips together for a moment, then replied coldly that that was Miss Mason's seat, and she could not, of course, take it.

"O! but she is so obliging," said Laura, "she will take the next one and not care."

"I can not do it," was the answer; "if she takes the next one, she puts Miss Lanning out of her place."

"Well then, Dora," said Laura, "I do n't see what we can do unless you take half of my chair." And the two crowded themselves between Mary and the instrument, trying with suppressed giggles to seat themselves in one chair. For a moment Mary sat still, then she rose up and left the gallery, intending to join her aunt and Clara in the church, but at the foot of the stairs she paused.

She knew that Clara would whisper to her; that her uncle would put on his spectacles and turn quickly around and survey the choir; that all her friends who sat near would look and wonder. So she turned and walked into the street.

Mary was an orphan. When she was ten years old her father and mother died, within a few weeks of each other, leaving her to the guardianship of her father's only brother, Mr. John Payson. He, though he felt very tenderly toward his little niece, and made the most judicious investments of her property, was glad to give her to the care of her mother's brother, Mr. Grey; for, as he said, the charge of a little girl was not in his line of business. From Mrs. Grey Mary received the same treatment that Clara did; that is, they were both dressed with the most perfect taste, had a French governess for four years, were then sent to a fashionable boarding-school for three more, and after that were allowed to control their own actions entirely.

The girls were of about the same age, and were, at the time we have introduced them to the reader, about twenty-two. Mary was a noble-looking girl, with a clear, healthful complexion, a wealth of dark, curling hair and a pair of large, brown eyes, so full of expression and so truthful withal, that when she had a feeling which she did not wish to betray, she dared not let them be seen. Clara was a delicate little creature, with the most changeful color, the bluest eyes, the sunniest curls, the most dimpled cheeks, and the smallest hands and feet that you would often see.

She was rather shy in company, not at all gifted in conversation, but knew the power of her beauty, gloried in the admiration she won, and cordially detested Laura Lane, whose sparkling, black eyes, rich masses of black hair—always arranged in tasteful bands—ready replies, and

easy, sometimes impertinent manners, formed so perfect a contrast to herself.

When Mary was a little more than twenty-one, her uncle John, still a bachelor, told her he had invested all her money in buildings, which brought good rents, and as he was going to Europe for a while, he thought she could be her own agent till he came back. The tenants all wished to remain, so she would have nothing to do but receive the rents, minus what they would tell her had been spent in repairs, and he would warrant her that would be no small sum. Her income would be a large one, so if she wanted to lay away money to buy a nice little country house, when she was married, she could, but he charged her not to sell any property, or indorse or sign any notes, without first consulting him. No matter if it does seem as though it will take a long time to hear from me, do n't you do it.

"But, uncle," said Mary, "no one will want me to sign their notes; what a funny idea!"

"You don't know any thing about it," said bluff uncle John. "There are plenty of men in this city who would, if the cat had money, stick her paw in the ink and write C-a-t, on their paper."

"You need not laugh," he added, "it is true, and I shall not feel satisfied if you do not promise me what I told you."

"Well, I promise," said Mary.

"Solemnly?" said uncle John.

"Yes, solemnly," she said, and with this understanding they parted.

CHAPTER II.

We left our heroine in the street, walking toward home. She wished she could have seen Stanley's face as she left the house; she wished she could ask him what he thought, without letting him know how much she prized his opinion; she wished she had some one to advise her; but her fashionable aunt, her preoccupied uncle, and her dear but incautious Clara did not any of them seem to her to be very good advisers. "O! if uncle John were here; but then he would laugh and think it a mere trifle." O! if her mother had lived, she was sure that nothing which affected her happiness would have seemed trifling to her.

Just as her thoughts reached this point, she came before a church, and the voice of the preacher so arrested her attention, that she turned and went in. The sexton conducted her to a seat, and the gay worldling soon found herself listening as she had never before listened to a sermon.

The text had already been announced, but the subject was God's abundant mercy and our great

unthankfulness. He told how grateful we were to those earthly friends who conferred favors upon us; how we loved, revered, and trusted them; but to Him who gave us life and all its blessings no note of praise was addressed.

If we were in trouble, he said, how gladly would we ask the advice of those friends who would, we were assured, give it honestly; yet how rarely did we ask instruction from Him who could not err!

"Yes," thought Mary, "I would be glad to ask Stanley's advice, if I knew he would tell me just what he thought; but would I dare in a prayer to mention such a thing as a choir seat?"

Almost as if he had read her thoughts the speaker continued: "If we were in great peril, if Death were in view, if his skeleton arms were striving to draw us to his cold embrace, then we would not hesitate to call upon the Lord Jehovah. But in our trifling troubles we disdain to seek his aid, and he is often obliged to bring judgment upon us ere we will remember our Creator. When he would fain speak to us with the whisperings of love, we force him to call to us in the thunder-tones of wrath."

Mary had heard many beautiful descriptions of God's unfailing love to the beings he has created, but the accusation of ingratitude was new to her, and when the minister closed with a thrilling appeal to his hearers to remember their Creator ere the evil days drew nigh, her tears fell in spite of her efforts to preserve the calmness which she thought necessary in a public assembly. When the services were over she hurried home, and, finding to her joy that the family had not yet returned, resolved to say nothing of having gone to another church. She went to her room, and, laying aside her bonnet and the rich furs which seemed to be suffocating her, threw herself on the bed and gave way to the gush of feeling which overpowered her.

Was she the heedless, thoughtless being she had heard described? Was she ungrateful—she who had always striven to give back kindness for kindness, whose quick, involuntary smile was, she had often been told, the most eloquent of thanks? Her self-love declared it could not be so; but then in frightful array arose before her the blessings which she had heard recounted, which she acknowledged herself to have received, and for which she knew no murmur of thankfulness had ever ascended to the throne of the Most High.

While she lay sobbing on the bed, Clara came in. She was indignant at Mary for leaving her place, but was, it must be confessed, pleased to find that she was taking trouble in her usual way, that is, crying over it, for Mary rarely cried,

and Clara was often recommended to be more like her instead of being so babyish. At dinner Mr. Grey asked the cause of her leaving church and of her present red eyes. Mary did not reply, but Clara told with many exclamations as to Laura's rudeness. She was sorry Mary did not keep her place, she said, but as she did not, was glad she left; she would not have had her take the next chair for any thing.

Mr. Grey agreed with his daughter, and advised his niece either to keep her own seat or else sit with the family, ending, as he always did any piece of advice, with, "however, suit yourself." The evening was stormy, and, as Clara was never allowed by the physician to leave the house when that was the case, Mary gladly obeyed her aunt's advice, not to show that swollen face in church, and staid with her.

She thought often of what she had heard about asking instruction from Him who could not err, but could not bring herself to do it either by prayer or by searching his word; for though she had never been a very attentive listener to the chapters which the minister read from the pulpit—they being all of the Bible which she knew any thing about—she yet remembered there was something about meekness and about turning the other cheek when smitten upon one, and she had no desire to be meek.

The word ingratitude seemed ringing in her ears, and it was with difficulty that she kept her thoughts sufficiently collected to answer Clara, who talked incessantly of how they should treat Laura at Mrs. Gay's party, which was to take place the next Tuesday evening, and of their dresses for that important occasion.

"If Miss Fitter makes my dress as tight as my last one," said she, "she shall alter it. I would n't suffer again as I did at Mrs. Pain's for any thing"—any thing was Clara's invariable comparison—"and I do hope she won't tell Laura that I am to wear blue silk with white lace flounces, for she will be sure to have pink with black ones. She always gets a dress as near the style of mine as she can, and she need not pretend it is accidental. There is one good thing though, she can't wear blue, she is too dark."

CHAPTER III.

"A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing—
They heed not morning there."

Tuesday evening came, and Clara, with her white neck and arms unshaded save by the graceful *berthe*, which matched the costly flounces of her blue silk, and the glistening pearls which harmonized so well with her delicate beauty,

looked the image of loveliness, while Mary in her rich, white satin, with the light flashing from her diamonds, and her earnest but at times gleeful spirit shining in her beautiful brown eyes, looked, as she indeed was, a being who could be a queen or a child as her feelings prompted. Mrs. Grey looked at them with proud admiration, and told them she did not think there were many ladies in the world who had such a daughter and such a niece to take with them to parties. When they entered Mrs. Gay's brilliant rooms Clara discovered to her great indignation that Laura was dressed as she had predicted she would be, and was dancing with Somers. She seemed gayer and in even higher spirits than usual, though both the cousins passed her several times in the course of the evening without speaking.

Somers divided his attentions between the two, who were so perfect a contrast to each other. He took Clara to supper, however, and seemed displeased when she waltzed with Harry Wild, so she felt almost satisfied. But Mary—Mary was happy. She danced with Stanley, and then they strolled into the conservatory, where they soon found themselves talking of her choir troubles. He cordially approved of her resolution to keep her seat, and begged her neither to give up her place nor leave the choir.

He advised her to place her chair the next Sabbath so close to Laura's that no more than one could possibly be between her and the instrument. Then he told her how he had watched the contest, and his tones grew deeper and lower as he spoke of how he gloried in her when she swept so haughtily out of the gallery, and Mary trembled and forgot her pride as, with downcast eyes, she listened for the avowal which she felt he was about to make.

But others came into the conservatory just then, and there was no more chance for private conversation. When she left he led her to the carriage, whispering that he should come the next evening to tell her a story, to which he hoped she would listen patiently; and Mary went home happier than she had ever been before. She had had many admirers, but never before had her heart been touched. After she had retired she lay for a long time too happy to sleep.

The window curtains were drawn aside, and the cold winter moonlight streaming upon the earth, made the snow-clad street look so much colder; but into Mary's luxurious chamber the brightness alone found entrance,

"So," thought she, "my life will be. Into the warm atmosphere of our home the brightness and glitter, but none of the heartlessness of fashionable life shall come. To-morrow evening

he will come, and then I shall be his promised wife."

The next afternoon, however, brought a note from him, telling her that one of his debtors had absconded, and he must follow by the next train. He might, he said, be gone one or two weeks; but his heart refused to go with him, and he was afraid it would fulfill its threat and stay behind. If she saw it any place, would she take care of it till he came back?

She read it many times, feeling disappointed that he could not come as soon as he had promised, but still very happy.

CHAPTER IV.

"How shall I leave my tomb,
With triumph or regret;
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?"

It was the evening of the day after Mrs. Gay's party. Clara and Mary were sitting in the parlor, but as it was yet too early for any of their gentlemen friends to call at the house of the fashionable Mrs. Grey, they paid no attention to the ringing of the door bell, and only looked up when Mr. Somers was ushered into the room.

He had come, he said, to see if they would, if not too much fatigued, go to — church and hear Mr. W. preach. He understood there was a protracted meeting there, and thought perhaps they would like to go. Mr. W. was the minister to whom Mary had listened the Sabbath before.

Clara was eager to go, and her cousin soberly consented, so they were soon on the way.

"You must expect to hear that you are dreadful sinners," laughed Somers, as they entered the church.

They listened quietly to the opening services, and when the minister announced his text to be, "Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," Mary breathed more freely. She had feared something like what she had heard before, something which would apply to her, but she felt that with sins which were as scarlet she had nothing to do, and she could bear with a great deal of fortitude to hear those very wicked people reproved. As the discourse went on, however, her views were changed.

The law of God was placed before her, and shown to be holy, just, and pure; then transgression after transgression was proved against her, till she cowered in her seat, and longed to be where no human eye could look upon her; then the punishment and the justice of that punishment was placed before her. Mary had heard the subject of everlasting punishment made the theme of so many scoffs that she

had supposed that no one could convince her of its possibility, but in that dreadful hour she was convinced. Her reason was convinced, her conscience was convinced, her affrighted soul acknowledged its justice, the bottomless pit seemed yawning before her. Ay! she believed and trembled.

The perspiration stood in drops on her forehead, and she could feel that Somers, who sat by her, was trembling, though he tried to appear unconcerned. Then the minister's voice changed. "Come," said he, "let us reason together. Will you not come to Him who will lift this great weight from off you, who will wash these deep, dark stains away and present you to his Father white as snow?" The plan of redemption was unfolded before her. The story of the cross was told in brief but touching words, and she was told how more than kind, how transcendently beneficent was the permission to bathe in the fountain thus opened for guilt and uncleanness. She was told to exercise her reason and say if she would slight the opportunity thus offered.

We say "she was told," for Mary felt, as she tried to still what seemed to her the audible beatings of her heart, that it was all addressed to her, and her choking sobs startled her ears as they fell upon them, but would not be checked. After the sermon an invitation was given to those whose reasons were convinced to come to the altar and kneel, while the children of God prayed for them, and she watched with streaming eyes while one after another walked with trembling or with hurried steps down the aisle. O, if she only dared go! but then came before her with startling distinctness her aunt's indignant astonishment, her uncle's contempt, the scoffs of her friends, the pleasures she must give up, and—Stanley—Stanley. He would forsake her, she felt that he would. The words which had once trembled on his lips, those words which it was to be such happiness to hear, would never be spoken, or if spoken, would be poured into other ears. Then, though her face tingled to think she was so weak, the thought would come that if she became a Christian she must be meek, and let that odious Laura trample on her. No, she would sit still, but if she could go without letting any one know it, without running the risk of losing Stanley or yielding to Laura, how gladly would she do so! She wiped her eyes, and, closing her lips firmly, looked steadily forward. The last words of the hymn died on the air, and Mr. W. stood for a moment looking at the kneeling forms of those who had presented themselves for prayer, then he raised his eyes and looked upon the congregation, who remained standing.

There was a brief silence, to Mary a terrible one. She felt her breath coming thickly and painfully. She hoped he would say no more, for she felt tried almost beyond her powers of endurance, but looking, as she thought, directly at her, he said solemnly, "Time and eternity—compare them, weigh them, try them in the balances. If the toys, the pleasures of earth are as valuable as you suppose, yet, O! let us reason together. What are you bartering in exchange for them? If the scoff of the worldling is too hard to bear, how shall you endure the wrath of God and the contempt of the innumerable multitude who shall sit at his right hand?"

Much more he said, but Mary did not hear him, for, feeling that her trembling limbs would no longer support her, she took her seat, and, leaning her head on the back of the one before her, tried to compose her thoughts and reason calmly. The thought was impressed upon her that she was now deciding her destiny.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

MY BROKEN ROSEBUD.

BY MRS. ABRAM REQUA.

GOOD-NIGHT, my broken rosebud;
Alas, the early blight
Hath fallen on thy loveliness!
Well may I say good-night;
For the shadows deepen round me
As life's sun rays depart,
And the grave receives the treasures
That nestled on my heart.

O, what is earth, whose flowers
But mock us with their bloom!
The fairer all the sooner
They are gathered to the tomb.
O, what is earth, whose waters
But spring to tempt the eye!
Our eager lips essay to drink—
We find the channels dry!

A mother's love is potent,
But it can not turn aside
The shaft of the destroyer,
Or my baby had not died.
Alas! its quickening pulses
Beat swift, but vain alarms,
For stern and ruthless was the foe
That bore her from my arms.

Good-night, my broken rosebud;
What though the early blight
Hath fallen on thy loveliness,
Calmly I say good-night;
For thou shalt never know the pang,
And never feel the smart
That, as life's changes hurry by,
Await the stricken heart.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO MY FATHER-LAND.

PART IV.

BY REV. JOSEPH HOLDICH, D. D.

WARWICK CASTLE.

WELL wearied with my railroad travel, of near ninety miles, my drive of ten more, my wanderings about the interesting and extensive ruins, and by various peregrinations and explorations in and about the city of Warwick, I enjoyed a most delightful and refreshing night's repose at the Warwick Arms. Next morning I awoke to behold a pouring rain. Never mind. We soon get used to this in England. Nobody stops for a rain here. "Waiter," I cry as I sit at my solitary cup of coffee and venison steak, "waiter, how far is it to Warwick Castle? Can one walk it?" "O yes, sir; it is but a step. Take the street to the right and follow it to the edge of the town and you will come to the porter's lodge." So donning my overcoat and goloe-shoes, with a good serviceable umbrella, I soon find myself ringing at the porter's bell. The approach to the Castle is imposing. The gate-house, as a gate-house always ought to be, and always is in England, is in keeping with the mansion. You never see here a modern-looking gate-house to an ancient dwelling, a Gothic gate-house to a Grecian or Italian villa. As the gate-house, or porter's lodge, is the introduction to the main edifice, it should always be in keeping with it, and form, as it were, a fitting preparation for what is to come. The person that opened the gate was herself a venerable piece of antiquity, either selected for her age, or grown gray in her post; probably an aged domestic transferred in her latter days to a position adapted to her age and character.

Warwick Castle has often been described, and we shall not attempt to go into full details. Yet a few words may be acceptable to, at least, some of our readers. The approach to it, after leaving the porter's lodge, is singular and very well designed. Instead of an avenue of trees, it is an avenue cut out of the solid rock, the sides of which, as it slopes down, are covered with vines and creepers, so that your path seems bounded on either side by inclined walls of living verdure. The avenue winds round in such a manner that by a sudden turn it brings you full in view of the magnificent Castle, seen across a noble lawn. It is a grand view. The extent is not less than 300 feet. Two lofty towers, called Caesar's Tower, 147 feet high, and Guy's Tower, 128 feet high, rise immediately before you. Your path lies along a beautiful graveled walk, between delicious-looking grass plots, and flower-beds brilliant with geraniums and fuchsias. Passing un-

der an arched gate-way, you find yourself in the great interior court of the Castle. Here again is that peculiarly rich and velvety greensward that you find scarcely any where but in England. The Castle is quadrangular, one side containing the apartments of the family, the others being occupied in various offices, kitchens, servants' rooms, billiard rooms, etc. The inner or inclosed court is beautiful in its rich cultivation. But as the rain continued to pour there was but little temptation to prolong the inspection. A ring at the principal entrance secured me admittance into the edifice. But this I can not undertake to describe. You may imagine a succession of apartments extending full three hundred and thirty-three feet. You pass from one room to another, each appearing more superbly furnished than the other. Yet there is the Great Hall, sixty-two feet long by forty wide; the Great Dining-Room, forty-three feet by twenty-five; the Red Drawing-Room; the Cedar Drawing-Room; the Gilt Drawing-Room; the State Bed-Room; and finally the snug, cozy, and superbly-furnished, but much smaller room, the Countess's boudoir. But you are not struck with an impression of glitter and tinsel finery. There is a solidity and durability that give one an impression of use and comfort. It is impossible to enumerate or remember the various articles of luxury, taste, and *vertu*. A single table must have cost no inconsiderable fortune. The top is of mosaic work, composed entirely of precious stones. But what charmed me as much as any thing was the taste exhibited in securing the most beautiful glimpses of natural landscape. The Castle is built on the bank of the romantic Avon. In each room, where a good prospect could be commanded, an oriel window is constructed, through which you have a delicious view of the clear, tranquil stream, overshadowed with rich pendent branches of noble trees, while here and there were visible some interesting point in the distance; here the revolution of a water-wheel to a mill just visible through the foliage, there the gentle murmuring water-fall; or again a majestic swan floating nobly on his favorite element. At the end of this suit of apartments, my attendant took me through a side door and brought me back through a succession of smaller rooms, every one of which was adorned with objects of interest and value that might have detained one a day fully to appreciate. Here was the chapel where the family assemble to worship; then there was a little private study, with *escriitoir*, etc., and one room was especially noticed as formed entirely in the wall, which is sixteen feet thick. It is lighted by a single window looking into the inner court. Each of these rooms is perfect in its kind, and filled with costly

articles for use or ornament. Each forms a charming little snuggery, in which one might seek repose from the crowds of company that often, no doubt, fill the grand and stately apartments.

In passing through this magnificent baronial mansion, one can not but admire the taste of its owner, who, in fitting it up for a comfortable residence, has so well preserved its character as an ancient castle. There is nothing that grates with a painful dissonance upon one's feelings. Every thing is in keeping. You do not forget that you are in the castle of Beauchamp, the mighty "king-maker," where afterward flourished the proud Neville, "the last of the barons." Yet you find wonderfully harmonized with these associations whatever is adapted to the comforts and elegancies of modern social life.

Quitting the interior and returning to the court I was anxious to see the famous Warwick vase. Presently I perceive an old man in a cellar chopping kindling wood. "My friend, can you tell me where I shall find the Warwick vase?" "Certainly, sir, and I shall be happy to accompany you." "But you seem lame. Perhaps you have the rheumatism, and it is not a fit day for you to be out. If you will tell me the way I think I can find it. I suppose I shall find the gardener or somebody there to describe it to me." "Yes, sir; but it is a *goodish* bit to it, and you will want a guide. I do not mind a little rain." So, holding my umbrella over the old man, on we went across the inner court, out of a gate leading into the park, along a broad walk through a charming lawn, commanding a fine view of a noble park well stocked with majestic trees—the oak, the elm, the beech, and especially the superb "cedars of Lebanon." At length we reach the conservatory built expressly to receive this magnificent work of ancient art, dug up near the Emperor Adrian's villa in 1774, and brought by Sir William Hamilton, of whom it was purchased by the then Earl of Warwick. I omit the description of it, as this is found in many other places, among others in Dr. Fisk's Travels in Europe. On the way the old man entertained me with his personal history. He had lived all his life at the castle, and expected to die there. He expatiated largely on the liberality and benevolence of his noble master, his kindness to the poor, generosity to his people, and his public-spiritedness. And, indeed, he seems only to have echoed the public voice, as I found other persons speaking of his wealthy nobleman in much the same language. He is considered the benefactor of his neighborhood. Such, too, I found to be the character of the old families. It is only the new-made men who are

puffed up by sudden elevation, and become assuming, consequential, and haughty. You can tell the difference between the two on a very slight acquaintance. For all the attentions you receive from attendants in England you are expected to present a *douceur* at parting, and as my aged *cicerone* had exposed himself to the wet for my accommodation, and made himself particularly agreeable, I thought him well entitled to a double allowance, which he received with a most deferential bow, wishing "his honor a prosperous voyage to America."

Returning now through the noble avenue to the Porter's Lodge, the venerable portress invites my attention to the curiosities of her domain. Conducting me into a room set apart for the purpose, she exhibits what purports to be the veritable armor of the celebrated Guy. Here is a suit comprising sword, spear, helmet, and coat of mail that none but a giant could have used or worn. You are seriously assured that it is the very armor in which he performed the redoubtable feats chronicled in the old ballad.

"But first near Winsor I did slay
A bore of passing might and strength,
Whose like in England never was
For hugeness both in breadth and length.
On Dunsmore heath I also slew
A monstrous wild and cruel beast,
Called the Dun cow of Dunmore heath,
Which many people had oppressed."

But your faith staggers at some of the exploits recorded, as when he says,

"A dragon in Northumberland
I also did in fight destroy."

Some remarkable facts there were no doubt; but they have been so exaggerated and worked up into the marvelous that one can not tell where reality ends and fiction begins. One striking object was Guy's porridge pot—an immense iron vessel, holding enough for no inconsiderable company. It is now used as a punch bowl in large gatherings in the park—the last service of this kind which it performed having been when the present Lord Warwick came of age, and when a grand entertainment was given to the whole neighborhood. Repeatedly this massive vessel was filled and emptied—if I remember rightly, five times—and, as it takes fifty gallons of rum, with corresponding quantity of water, lemons, and sugar to fill it, there must have been a considerable amount of drinking to celebrate his lordship's advent at majority. "And now if you are not afraid of a little noise, sir, I can give you proof of the soundness of the bowl;" so saying, with both hands she seized a heavy iron ladle or pestle, I forget which, and,

running it round the rim, she finally gave it a pound on the side that made the whole apartment ring again, and almost stunned one to deafness. I now understood the reason of her caution, and was glad to depart without suffering deafness by the operation.

From our allusion to the ancient family of the Earl of Warwick we would not have the reader suppose that he is a descendant of the redoubtable Guy. The castle and estates have escheated to the crown since his day more than once, and have been conferred on various parties. The first Earl of Warwick of the present line was Sir Fulke Greville, afterward created Lord Brook, on whom the title of Earl of Warwick with the castle and estates was conferred by King James I. Neither is the present castle to be confounded with the original structure. At first it was merely a rough fortification, spacious and strong, but without any pretension to elegance or grandeur. It has been repeatedly enlarged and beautified till the grandfather of the present Earl brought it to its high state of perfection and splendor, combining the elegance and comfort of a modern mansion with the outer aspect and characteristics of an ancient castle.

A SUMMER AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

BY REV. L. D. DAVIS.

AMONG the first objects that attracted our attention in the study of geography was the appearance on the map of a little island off the southern coast of Massachusetts bearing the suggestive name of Martha's Vineyard. Without any specific information as to the nature of its soil or the character of its inhabitants, we concluded in our childhood meditations that it was a land abounding in grapes, and distinguished alike for its fertility and beauty. Many times while sitting at our accustomed place in a country school-house have we allowed the eye to rest on this little spot amid the waste of waters, while the imagination roamed through the forest, whose lofty trees were bearing up the heavy-laden vines, and vying with Italy itself in the riches of the vintage. Fancy thus aroused assured us that all along the path of the traveler the purple clusters met his eye, and at convenient distances hung low within his reach. He had but to put forth his hand, and, with scarce a pause in his journey, it was filled with most delicious fruits. As in the charms which the nursery ascribed to "Fairy-Land," beauty and gladness seemed here combined without those fatal admixtures that every-where else appear.

And why should the correctness of such a

picture be doubted? Was it not a vineyard—Martha's *own* vineyard—and honored with the name of its fair and lovely mistress? There certainly was no room for mistake. She, happy soul, was ever reveling in the luxuries of her native islet, and while envying none was envied of the world. These treasures were by undisputed title all her own, and,

"From the center all round to the sea,
Her right there was none to dispute."

Thus we grew up to maturer years with no further knowledge of this isolated spot than was furnished by its peculiar locality and its name. In all our reading we found no other key to its character or history. We met none who had landed on its shores or mingled with its citizens. Our experience with the world, however, had caused these ideal sketches to grow somewhat dim, till at length the pictures themselves had almost faded from memory. Amid the scenes of active life the miniature queen and her sea-girt abode were well-nigh forgotten.

For a few years past, she who has chosen to accompany us in the journey of life has been in declining health, and it was thought that a change from the interior to the sea-board might invigorate a wasting constitution, and, perhaps, reclaim its wonted energy. Such a change was accordingly determined upon, and, in the order of Providence, Martha's Vineyard was selected as the place of temporary abode. Here, it was said all the winds came fresh from the sea, freighted with those qualities that are best calculated to strengthen the invalid and enliven the weary. It must be confessed, also, that the influence of early impressions, however vague and indistinct they may have been, was not altogether lost in giving this the preference to other localities similarly situated.

Early in the spring of 1859 we set out from our home in central New York to thus establish ourselves in proximity to the sea. There were in our company, including the little ones of the household, six persons, to most of whom the route was entirely new. We were soon passing down the noble Hudson with its splendid scenery on either hand, and thence through Long Island Sound, scarcely less than its equal for beauty, till we came to New Bedford, the place of embarkation for what was already looked upon as our island home. Here we took the steamer "Eagle's Wing," which was in a few hours to land us at the Vineyard. As the boat pushed out into Buzzard's Bay, the sea proved somewhat rugged, but not so much so as to render the voyage especially unpleasant. It is true Neptune in his usual way demanded tribute of

many on board, though for some reason our little company was allowed to escape. Whether this was because it was our first intrusion on his dominions, or because we were more willing to render homage to the vastness of his empire and the supremacy of his reign, he did not deign to inform us. Certain it is we were left free to watch the varying scene and enjoy the sail. And, under the circumstances, this was no small privilege.

Before coming to the Vineyard there is a group of some half dozen in number known as the Elizabeth Islands. They are small in size, and to the passer-by look barren and uninviting, and yet are not without interest. One of them, Cuttyhunk by name, was the first white settlement in New England. Here, seventeen years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, was a building erected and used as a human habitation. It is a little singular that the fact is not made more prominent in our allusions to the past. On another we were pointed to a large mansion, said to have been built as a summer residence by a wealthy gentleman from Boston, who was the owner of the island. It must certainly be a fine retreat from the noise and heat of the city, worth a thousand times as much as a visit to Saratoga or Newport.

Passing these islands through a narrow and rocky channel that requires most skillful pilotage, we were soon in sight of the Vineyard itself, that looked for all the world as if it might have borne a less pretentious name. The steamer first stopped at Holmes's Hole, a beautiful village as seen from the water, and having a harbor much used by vessels engaged in the coasting trade between New England and the south. On leaving this port we caught sight of Edgartown, eight miles distant, in which, as it was the place of our destination, we felt a more especial interest. Already we had begun to call it *home*, and it is impossible to be indifferent to the character of the spot bearing that endearing name. It is not as fully in view from the deck of the steamer as the town just left behind, and seemed at this distance to be sitting on the very borders of the sea with an air of calm and quiet beauty. We were informed by one of our traveling companions, a resident of the place, that it was the county seat of Dukes county, and the principal town of the island.

Arrived at our journey's end, and stepping upon the wharf, the first appearance of things around us was not especially inviting. Huge casks of whale oil lined the passage from the landing to the hotel, and emitted an odor to which we were altogether unaccustomed. The streets, too, were narrow and crooked, with

neither pavement nor flagging. Instead of these ordinary appendages of village life, there was an abundance of dry sand, which, as the wind blew through the open spaces, paid but little respect to the passers-by, unless it was by rudely throwing itself in their faces, and thus claiming a familiarity altogether too intimate. It remained for a further acquaintance to reveal the fact that other parts of the town were much more inviting, and that the village really possessed unusual attractions as a pleasant and desirable place of residence.

It is not strange that one who all through life has been accustomed to an unlimited view of *broad acres* should be the subject of peculiar reflections on taking up his residence in a small island. He feels himself for the first time literally "out at sea," and in a measure exposed to the perils of the deep. As the roar of the surf is heard at nightfall, while the waters of the Atlantic are rolling themselves up into big waves and dashing furiously against the beach, the question as to the security of his anchorage instinctively presents itself to the mind. It is only when he feels assured that this warfare between land and sea has been going on for ages, and that the results are before him, that his fears are altogether dismissed. Now that we were here surrounded by the deep blue waters that stretch across to the old world, how otherwise could we be satisfied with our moorings? how know but the billows, as

"Each wave behind impels the wave before,"

maddened at length by the resistance, should rise higher still, and in the fury of the storm sweep across the plain? But as the past is ever a premonition of the future, the conclusion was reached that He who hath appointed the bounds of the ocean, had here at our very feet bid its proud waves pause and return to the depths whence they came.

Martha's Vineyard is about twenty miles long, and from five to ten miles wide. It possesses a sandy soil, much of which is poor and worthless. These sections are covered with a growth of low, stunted oaks, standing so thickly together that it is almost impossible to pass among them. Other parts of the island are rich and valuable, and contain cultivated farms that will compare favorably with any in New England. Wild grapes of a large size and good flavor are found in different localities, but scarcely in sufficient abundance to give it the name of a vineyard. How this name originated we have been unable to learn. Dame Martha is yet as much of a myth as in our school-boy days. Nobody here can tell who she was or when she lived. A recent writer

in the "Atlantic Monthly" has given a tradition, but it is neither satisfactory nor reliable. Indeed, the entire article is more of a caricature than a representation of facts. The writer was a passing visitor, and has taken up and repeated the language of several porters and loungers at the steamboat landing as specimens of the manners and customs of the island. It is well known that no community can be correctly judged by such a standard. A residence of six months and a somewhat extended intercourse with the people has led us to the conclusion that they will not suffer, intellectually or morally, by comparison with any other section of the country. Though isolated in a measure, there are probably more persons among the Vineyarders that have circumnavigated the globe, and looked upon all phases of human society, than can be found any where else in the same amount of population. In churches and schools they are also fully up to the reputation of New England at large.

The Vineyard, with some small islands in the immediate vicinity, formerly belonged to New York, but is now attached to the state of Massachusetts. It embraces three townships; namely, Edgartown, Tisbury, and Chilmark, which together constitute Dukes county, with a population of from five to six thousand. A large proportion of these depend on the sea for a livelihood, though agriculture and the mechanic arts are by no means neglected. There is on the western portion of the island an Indian reservation of eleven hundred acres, still owned and occupied by the original "lords of the manor." The natives, however, are now few in number, and are rapidly melting away. Their existence as a tribe is already more nominal than real, and the indications are clear that before the resistless tread of the white man's civilization they will soon wholly disappear. Their lands include many rich cranberry meadows, and are reckoned of considerable value.

This section is much visited by strangers, who are attracted thither by the natural wonders connected with the "Gay Head" cliffs. We had not been many days on the island before we met visitors on their way to this locality, and all whom we saw returned eloquent in the description of what they had seen. Among the number were several distinguished geologists and agents of scientific institutions from distant parts of the country. Having a desire to see for ourselves, we at length set out by land conveyance for a tour of the island. The distance from Edgartown is about twenty miles. It was a beautiful summer's morning, with a fresh breeze from the open sea, when we struck into the forest of low

bushes, with which much of the island is covered. Passing through Tisbury into Chilmark, we crossed a range of high hills, and went to the heart of the reservation without seeing a single native. The roads were far from being good, and it was not till the journey grew wearisome that we reached the point of destination. The keeper of the light-house received our company, and entertained us with the utmost cordiality, at the same time directing our attention to the points of principal interest, and assisting us in the search for fossils, which are here found in great abundance.

We were soon convinced that the "Gay Head" cliffs are to be reckoned among the wonders of nature. They form a bold promontory about one hundred and fifty feet high, pushing out into the sea as if in defiance of the waters that wage unceasing warfare against the intrusion. Their construction is altogether peculiar. They are composed chiefly of ocher of almost every conceivable color and hue, in irregular but distinct layers. Seen at a little distance from the shore, with the rays of the setting sun upon them, this coloring stands out with more distinctness than that of the rainbow, and, stretching along with its lofty attitude for nearly a mile, is truly magnificent. Excursion parties not unfrequently visit the place, and lie off in their boats at sunset, that they may witness the display. As it is difficult landing, such companies do not usually go on shore.

The cliffs also contain masses of rock, sea-pebbles, and sand that have evidently been fused by intense heat, and are now as firmly bound together as the component parts of granite itself. And then, too, there are layers or ledges of gravel that contain great quantities of fossils. Here, more than a hundred feet above the level of the sea, we found sharks' teeth in a most perfect state of preservation, together with petrified bones of the body, as also clams, and a variety of specimens not easily classified. We were also shown the vertebrae of the whale and other monsters that it is generally thought have no business on dry land. How they came in this position it is of course impossible to tell; but they are so numerous and so easily secured that with a few moments' labor every visitor can obtain a supply. Could some of those overhanging crags but speak and tell us their history, we should doubtless listen to a wondrous tale of internal and outbursting fires, and upheaving masses, and hissing waters when their foundations were laid. But they speak not. The secrets of the past are securely locked up, and the visitor is left to his own reflections. While gazing on the billows as they come in from a heavy sea and leap high against the rocks, it

requires no great stretch of fancy to suppose that here is a perpetual war. Some time in the remote past the crags have won a signal victory, and have made prisoners of multitudes of the denizens of the deep. And now as the elemental battle rages, when the ocean is stirred to its depths and rises up in its fury from the open side of the cliffs, these petrified remains are laughingly held out to view as trophies of victory. The recoiling billows, maddened at the sight, renew the attack, and, while the winds and the tides remain their allies, will not cease the strife. And thus from year to year and age to age the contest continues, and shall continue to the end of time.

From the brow of the precipice there is a prospect of indescribable beauty. Standing thus high above the waters we could look in every direction as far as the eye can reach. Away to the right the main land was dimly seen stretching along the border of the horizon, while with the help of the glass the white spires of several populous towns were brought within the range of vision. Between us and the continent were several small islands like specks on the bosom of the ocean, high above which the sea-birds were circling in the air, ever and anon bending to the water in search of prey. To the left was "No Man's Land," an island whose character and history is suggested by its peculiar name. All else seemed a world of restless, moving waters, and we could but exclaim,

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies."

Near by us stood the lofty tower from whose top the light is flashed far out upon the deep, marking the course of the mariner, and guiding his way amid the perils of storm and darkness. The channel around "Gay Head" is rocky and dangerous, and yet the official records assure us that more than seventy thousand sail annually pass this point. It is not strange, therefore, that the United States Government maintains here one of the best lights on American shores. The present lantern has more than one thousand lenses and prisms, so arranged as once in thirty seconds to give out a flash that can be seen in favorable weather a distance of sixty miles. It is the famous Fresnel light, that was on exhibition at the World's Fair at Paris, and afterward removed to this place. A few miles off shore there is also a light carried at the mast-head of a boat securely anchored, that marks a ledge of

concealed rocks, and thus aids in giving direction to the commerce of the nation.

Having occupied two days in the visit to Gay Head, and having procured as many specimens as we could wish, our party returned to Edgartown, well repaid for the trouble and fatigue of the journey. With the exception of Niagara, we have never seen its equal for magnificence and beauty. We doubt not that all who have looked upon it will agree with us in saying that it is well worthy a visit from afar.

Other parts of Martha's Vineyard possess features of more than ordinary interest. But we will not detain the reader's attention by the continuance of this article. It is possible that at some future time we may resume the sketch by calling attention to the extended whale fisheries carried on from this and the neighboring ports. Connected with this business these islanders are able to furnish many facts and incidents of a most thrilling character. But we will leave them for the present.

THE PAST.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

THE scenes of the past—they are ours, all ours,
The buds and blossoms, the sunshine and showers;
They are painted in colors that never can die,
And are hung in the palace of memory.

The eyes that are now in the death-sleep closed,
The forms that have long in the dust reposed
They are there, all there, as they used to be
Ere they went to the great eternity.

We sit again by the bright home-blaze
With the friends we sat with in other days,
And we listen to voices, soft and low,
We have heard in the distant "long ago."

We walk again in the path well trod
That led us up to the house of God;
We sit in the old accustomed place,
And look on each well-remembered face.

Again we list to the morning prayer;
The choir are all in their places there;
And the same sweet hymn to our childhood dear,
Through the long, dim halls of the past, we hear.

But the years that were have the present been,
And the present now was the future then;
And the time to come it shall be our own,
When now is joined to the ages flown.

We know life cometh not free from care,
And we mingle its colors both sad and fair;
But that which we picture most clear and bright,
May change ere then to the darkest night,

And scenes over which a gloom we throw,
As the future cometh may brighter grow.
We can not tell, it is all unknown,
But the past is changeless—our own, our own.

THE IRISH PEDDLER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"THERE is that good-for-nothing, lazy Irishman again. I believe he thinks he was created on purpose to enjoy himself. His wife is off to her work bright and early, and it is nearly dark when she comes back. I declare I've watched them till I am thoroughly disgusted with him."

"Well then, Mary," said my father, as I handed him his fourth cup of Mocha at the breakfast table, "I will give you a word of advice. Suppose you try to confine your energies to the supervision of your own affairs."

"I can't, father. To think of that little spirited woman slaving all day over the wash-tub to feed and clothe such a great lazy lout! And he minds the baby!" I added quickly, for I saw my father was ready to interrupt me. My nose fairly twitched with contempt.

"I have inquired about the man, Mary," said my father, calmly, "and I find that the stopping of the mills has thrown him and many others out of work. I hear that he has worked at gardening in the north of England, and as we shall need some one as soon as Peter leaves for Kansas, perhaps you had better go over there after breakfast and find out something about him."

"O, father!" I remonstrated. "You don't think of hiring such a shiftless, lazy person! The grounds and garden will go to ruin, and you will have it all to pay for."

"Why, Mary!" exclaimed my father, turning toward me with some surprise, "you seem to have lost all your charitable feelings."

"I have none for him, that it is certain."

I was really indignant with the big good-natured Irishman, who spent half of his time in the sun before his door, whistling and singing and talking to the baby or carrying it about in his arms while it slept. Long years of illness had made me a little querulous and uncertain in regard to the doings of those around me, and I had very little patience with want of thrift or shiftlessness in any form. I had watched him day after day for a fortnight, hoping that such a spectacle of lazy enjoyment would vanish, and every succeeding day feeling more and more as if I had a right to meddle with the matter. And now, as I stood at the dining-room window after breakfast and impatiently listened to the merry tune he was whistling, I felt that I could endure it no longer, so I resolutely put on my bonnet and went over to give him a piece of my mind. He received me with the greatest respect and deference, and invited me to sit down on a rough bench in the shade of the house. Then he sat

down again on the door-step and began to make faces at the baby, which sat on the ground and was luxuriously digging its bare toes into the warm, loose sand.

"So you are not at work, Phelim," I began without any preface, for I was outraged by his evident content.

"No, ma'am. Work is all down now. Eh, Teddy? Have a care, lad. Sit sthraighter an' ye would not bury yer purty nose in the gravel." The baby righted itself, and with a little help from its father gained its feet and stood up holding by some twigs and grass that grew out between the steps.

"Your wife seems to get work without any trouble," said I.

"Thru for ye! Nelly has plinty to do, bless her! An' she had ten hands, it's busy and profitable would be the whole o' the lot. She's a rare one, is Nelly. There! Kape on yer feet, Teddy, acushla, or ye'll be afther splittin' yer swate countenance on the door-sill. Steady, boy!"

"Have you tried to get work?" I asked. "You look well and strong."

"Sthrong! That's the word. It's thru as a praste's oath. Ivery word o' it. Sthrong!" He stretched up his great brawny arm to confirm his words. "There's timber for ye. None o' yer pine splinters, but rigelar heart o' oak. An' it plaze ye, miss, I was called the sthrongest-man in all the counthree at home. An' we've no delicate well pape ther, barrin' the sick. Sthrong! It's enough to make a hin howl wi' pure rapture, to hear yer American native brag o' his mighty backbone. An' little Teddy here has a fist o' his own that they might pattern afther wi' profit. Teddy knows it is so."

The baby laughed merrily as if he understood it all. His face dimpled all over, and his little short curls blowing in the breeze made him a very attractive picture. But I was not out on a tour of admiration, so I stifled the impulse I felt to pat the round chubby cheek.

"But why don't you work, Phelim?" I asked again. "It's a shame for such a great stout man to sit idle."

"It's the mill, miss, as is gin out intirely, an' no wonder at all. The jarring and sthraining and thumpin' were enough to wear out a mountain. It's bad luck, miss, but ye see, grumblin' won't mend the broken ould wheels or pay us the wages. Whist! Teddy, darlin'. Ye'll trip ye-self, may be, if ye reach for the leddy's mantle."

"But why," I persisted, "do n't you try something else? If the mills have stopped it is no reason for letting your family starve."

"Starve!" No words can describe the con-

temptuous unbelief that his countenance expressed.

"Did ye hear that, Teddy? Does he look like starving?" holding up the fat baby. "Do ye see the hoonger here?" pinching his own ruddy cheek. "Would ye mind taking a look at the pig yonder and ask if it's the famine that kapes the fat baste from squaling? Or at the praties in the cellar, or at the big batch o' dough that's histing itself illegantly in the pan by the window? Jist hear her, Teddy, mavourneen! It's starving we are, for shure."

How that baby laughed! And its father, too. Such a broad-sided, full-chested laugh that it took you unawares and set you to chuckling as if a very mine of fun had been suddenly uncapped before you. I could not resist it, though I still felt it my duty to admonish him. "You may have plenty to eat now," I said, "and it is very pleasant to me to hear it, but still you should be laying up for a rainy day. Nelly gets good pay for washing, but you are too manly, Phelim, to live lazily upon her hard earnings. If the mills do n't run, you must try something else."

"An' that's the very sthory, jist, that I could Nelly a week agone, but she would n't hear to it for a minute." "No, Phil, dear," says she, "you jist mind the baby, Phil, and I can work away wi' an asy heart, an' no danger at all o' my work failing till clane linen is quite out o' fashion. Remimber the time whin ye made yer fortin' a peddlin', an' bad luck to the bad bizness it was," says Nelly, "not a stitch o' comfort save misery and sorrow did it bring to us both. Be asy, Phil," says she, "an' mind the baby till the work coomes right again, and we'll thrive, lad, niver fear." So you see I agreed to it all, for a rare manager wooman is Nelly, but it's more work than play to tend the baby an' kape the house tidy. I shall be glad of hard work again when it coomes."

My heart began to soften toward the honest fellow in spite of all my resolution, and an approving nod from my father, who happened to pass down the street, conquered the sour, censorious feeling completely.

"You spoke of peddling, Phelim. Have you any objection to telling me about it?"

"Not an airthly thought agin it, miss. Och, thin, I'd rather tell it than not, for the days seem a bit slow in inding now, and Teddy here gets to be an ould story sometimes before Nelly coomes home. Let me push that bench back, miss, if ye plaze, so as to give ye more shade. It's a long story, considering it amounts to nothing."

He waited to bring out a bowl of bread and milk for the baby, and commenced feeding him and talking at the same time.

"Ye see," said Phelim, a little doubtfully, as if hardly expecting to be believed, "ye see I was n't always prosperous. Least ways, not rich, you know. Before cooming to this counthree we were pinched often above a bit, but in yer own land, miss, ye can turn about better than among sthrangers. Whin we came to New York sorer a friend had we in the wide ragion, barrin' Dennis O'Brien, who was me own twin brother in fact, his father marrying me own mother whin we were lads o' sixteen, or thereabouts. After paying the passage money and buying up the few things we naded to begin with, we had scarce a sthray penny for good or for evil, and dark enough it began to look on all hands, whin I found that no work was to be had. Arrah, miss, may ye niver see the dee whin an hour's shovelling at muck, or picking at stones, can't be had to kape up yer spirits! Many a day, miss, while the distracted case lasted, did Nelly and myself, as a mere mather o' savin', ate breakfast an' dinner an' supper too, to say nothin' o' tay, all thegither. Nelly grew thin and white, an' for the mather o' that, so did I, but there were no work to be had for all our frettin' and pinin'. One o' yer fine gentlemen jist ordered me out o' his grand house whin I offered to serve him for nothing. I thought he would soon find out for himself how nate and handy and obleaging I could be, and thin, miss, I could ask for the wages. Bad luck to the proud son o' a thafe! At last I was clane discouraged and desperate too, an' whin Dennis O'Brien asked me to take his place for a month and peddle his goods about the counthree, I was all ready to thry me luck. I wanted to start that very evening."

"But could you leave Nelly alone?"

"Not I. She was to stay with Mrs. O'Brien and help her in washing to pay for her board. She cried a good deal, for she was lonely and homesick, poor thing; but Mrs. O'Brien promised to spake well o' her work and get customers for her, and she brightened up like a May morning. A good friend was Mrs. O'Brien, and a considerate ould crathur besides. It was only coarse washin' that she took in, an' it's the fine things as Nelly gets up, miss. Mayhap ye've thried her hand at it, yeself," said Phelim, with a sly side glance at me.

"No, Phelim, but I shall send her some work soon."

"You should see her touch up the embroideries and the ould illegant laces that cost so much and do so little. It's worth a long journey to look at whin the ironing is being done and the flimsy net-work and soiled flowers all cheer up and come out as fresh and purty as new."

"No doubt of it. But I want to hear about your peddling. What had you to sell?"

"Ivery thing, miss, ivery thing under the shining hivens, I do believe; an' all stowed in one snoog pack. O'Brien spent the whole evening in giving me directions. I was to walk bouldly into the houses, bekase an' I waited to knock an' say, 'By yer lave,' mayhap I should niver get in at all. It seemed a little imperdent to me, but he said it was the way, an' so I agreed. Thin, miss, I was to show the goods. If the pape said they could n't buy, and they should n't buy any thing, I was to show the goods all the more. I was to have a big price for ivery thing, but to take a rasonable one at last as if I had a special liking for the buyer. You would tire, miss, if I should repate the half that O'Brien said. Faith! if I did n't think my fortin made at last. Och! the huge fool I was! An' did n't I promise Nelly a new silk gown wi' the first clare profits?"

"Did you start the next morning?"

"No, miss. It rained all day. I nearly got a fever in me hurry to wait for the wather to hould up an' be asy. But the next day was fair as a blue ribbin, and I was off afore daylight. I had to walk nearly all day to get far enough away from the city to think o' finding a market for the goods. I slept in a barn that night, an' the rats held a feast to their patron saint an' thried hard to swallow me as a thrifling relish for the dry corn. You will believe, miss, that I was out airly and keen as soon as convanient, not a bit down-hearted, but fully persuaded that my fortin would be made before sundown. I began to wonder what would be the becomingest color for Nelly's silk dress. I would n't have it green or brown or any of those dull, old-womanish colors. It was to be as bright as herself. 'It's blue now that would match her swate smiling eyes,' says I to meself, and I thought o' the nate blue frock she was married in. 'Sich a fresh little rose as she was!' So I made up my mind for the blue. 'But thin,' says I, 'these wimmin are lovers o' change. Their colors are niver the same but once, an' shure it's pink would, happen, set off the swate bloom in her cheeks, and would be like a May day at all seasons.'

"Somehow I could not make up me mind at all to me satisfaction. Sometimes I thought I would wait and let Nelly choose it herself, and then I laughed outright as I thought how her eyes would dance and sparkle if I carried the right thing, the very color she liked best, home to her meself and spread it out for her to see. I almost forgot the business of the day in me calculations, an' I came near pushing directly by a white cottage house, an' small loss would it have been if I had. It stood a bit back from the road, and was that snoog and illegant that I was shure it was just

the place to begin. 'An' may be,' says I, 'they will buy enough to lighten the pack, which is any thing but comfortable for walking far on foot. Up the clane, smooth walk to the door I wint wi' a light, bould step, for me heart was that light and hopeful that I was a ready for tachin' music or dancing. I thought I would rap, for it *did* seem a bit boorish to trip in without sayin' 'by yer lave,' but I remimbered O'Brien's directions. 'An' shure,' says I, 'he should know best as an ould hand at the thrade.' Faith, miss, ye'll be thinkin' me wild intirely, but me sthory is thure as steel. There were a leddy at the window, whin I shut the gate, an' being polite naterally, I bowed as well as I could wi' my pack on my shoulders. She niver offered to return that same, or even to give me a resate for it, but she jist lays down her book in a great hurry, and before I could raach the handle o' the door, she opens it, happen, three inches, an' thin, without showin' the tip o' her nose, she says, 'We do n't want to trade to-day.' An' thin, miss, she shuts the door wi' a bang and turns the key in a jiffy."

"Well, Phelim, what did you do?"

"I could n't belave it at all, miss, an' for the matther o' that I niver have since. But it's the thruth intirely. I would n't give up so asy as that, so I put me mouth to the keyhole an' spake back. 'Indade, an' yer mistaken, ma'am, intirely. It's the ribbins, an' the laces, an' the nice purty collars for yer delicate neck that I will show ye. All nice an' fresh from over the sa. Salicted an' sint over by the first artists in the worruld, an' it plaze ye. There's not the likes o' them in New York. It's meself that has been at the throuble and pains to examine the goods all over the city, an' a mane, dirthy place it is too. Jist open the door. I'll show you the scarfs o' satin an' velvet that the beautiful Empress o' France thried so hard to buy, and could n't, an' did n't she offer the sthrong timptation? There's nobody in all the wide worruld,' says I, 'that can sell yees the same, barrin' meself, Phelim M'Curley, at yer service. Jist open the door an' take a look. It'll cost ye nothin' to look, an' ye'll be sorry foriver an' ye lose the beautiful sight.' Troth, miss, I might as well have talked to that loose shingle flappin' itself above the window, it were like a dead house. Not a word ceevil or conthrarywise could I get out o' it at all. 'Och, botheration!' says I, through the keyhole again, 'is this a specimen o' yer fine American manners? Yees might learn o' the bog throppers o' Ireland a fine long lesson in that line, an' ye had the capacity. Bad luck to yer blackguard's politeness! An' the saints are permitted to thravel and ixercise in foreign counthrees, I'll call on ye nixt whin ye are

housekapin' in purgatory.' Not a bit o' an answer could I get at all, so what was the use o' payin' away longer at the ould wooden door? I was glad to get back into the street."

"So you lost your courage then, Phelim?"

"Indade, miss, but I did n't. But at the next house I wint to the back door very quietly and asy. I heard the hurrying feet inside, but I managed to get in and set down me pack before any objection could be raised. But, St. Pathrick the blest! sich puckered-up, yellow, and scowly faces as those three wimmin had! You could n't match them out o' a whole township o' wild bastes. But I unstrapped me pack and began to show the goods as pleasant and swate as possible. 'Ye may save yourself that trouble,' says one o' the wimmin, 'we do n't want any thing.' 'Shure an' ye'll alter yer mind intirely, ma'am,' says I, 'whin ye once get a look at the laces and ribbins all made on purpose for an illigant leddy like yerself. An' so cheap, ma'am. It's getting a fine present it is, instead o' buying goods. Look at these handkerchiefs, an' ye plaze. Pure Irish linen, and only ninepence.'

"I told you we did n't want any thing."

"Here are some ladies' gloves, ma'am. See how silky and fine they are! Jist the soft things ye nade to kape the air and the sun from yer little white hands. An' sich a mere thrifle in cost, hardly worth taking or mentioning. Jist thry them on."

"I told you we did n't want to buy any thing."

"Arrah! But it's mistaken ye are intirely. Here are scarfs fit for the neck o' a queen. Embroidered in China for the sole use o' the royal family. It's not in ivery house that I unpack the delicate things, but one purty thing makes ye think o' another, and yer fresh fine complexions, so like the rich colors, jist seemed to me for all the worruld like scraps o' the same."

"I saw them soften a bit and smile to each other. Sich smiles! The ould wrinkled crathurs! Ye'll mind, miss," said Phelim, with a sly look, "that all these lies are a part o' the thrade."

I shook my head decidedly. "No good ever came of falsehood, Phelim."

"Thruve for you! An' did n't I find out that same? Och, but I was conscience-sore indade. But there were no other way, no other kay to the ould leddy's pocket, an' it was high time I was driving me thrade. Now, may be, miss, ye are thinking that the victory was won. Niver a bit o' it. They sat down to look at the goods an' were a bit kind and gracious, that's all. 'Do ye want a rich, beautiful vail,' says I, 'an illigant black lace vail for almost nothing at all, I'm oblaaged to ye. There's jist three left. These vails sell so fast there's no use in thrying

to kape up the supply, an' no wonder at all, as ye will say yerself, if yees will but look in the glass wi' it shadin' yer fair face, which is like a June rose for swateness, to be shure. Jist thry it on, ma'am. There! Were ye iver so parfekly gintail before? Let me show you how they are worn in China. Half way over the face jist down to the tip o' the bonny little nose. Arrah! could ye but stand sideways to yerself, ma'am, an' catch the fine view o' yer own beauty, ye'd wear that same vail foriver and iver!"

"What's the price?" says she.

"Look! Whin the wind moves it, what does it make of yees. but an increase o' illigance? Why, the braaze and the vail work together an' the little curl above yer ear is a cluster o' ringlets at once. Och! the sore hearts there will be at yer church afther this!"

"O, Phelim!" I remonstrated, "how could you talk such nonsense?"

"O thin, miss, could ye have seen how nicely she took it! The bigger the pill, the asier it wint down. 'What is the price?' she asked again. 'A mere thrifle,' says I. 'In Paris I could sell them all day for fifty dollars, for the French ladies know how to find out the real lace, but, seeing it is you, I will let it go for ten.'

"Ten! Ten dollars for a vail! No, I could n't think of it. Say five, and I will look at it; but mind, I do n't say I'll buy it."

"Bless yer kind heart, would ye have me give it away? Why, ivery stitch in it was worked by an Ethiopian princess. It jist goes to me heart to say no to ye, an' ye looking so swately in it. We'll split the difference and call it seven and a half. It's Phelim M'Curley is loth to think o' his own interest at the shrine o' beauty.' Well, ma'am, she bit at last and thraded, an' thin I fished a whole hour, an' compared the ugly ould hippopotamusses to ivery thing airthly, from the pearls in the green sa to a nist o' angels, before I made out to sell the others. But I did it, miss, an' got a clare profit of twenty dollars out of it. Alack! I lost it all through the big hole in me pocket before night."

"So no good came of the lying."

"Ye may well say that. 'An' Phelim, honey,' says I to meself, as I trudged down the street again, 'I'm surprised at ye, Phelim. It's lie upon lie that ye're telling, my lad, an' niver a morsel o' thruth crosses yer lips aither way. It's bothered I am intirely wi' yees. There's naither conscience nor raison in a word ye are spaking. An' who'll answer for ye, my lad? It's lie upon lie, precept upon precept, here a little an' there a good deal more. Ye're a haythen, shure, an' niver a word do ye mind o' the howly thrittening o' saint or praste. It's a bad one ye are,' says I,

jingling me money and laughing like a pollywog at the sound o' the same.

"I began now to feel quite independent like, wi' the means o' ating and slaping snoog in me trousers pocket. There were a green, hollow spot jist a bit down the way, with hills all around it, barrin' the three sides where there were none, and there I set down me pack and danced and shouted like mad for the good luck. I concluded to buy Nelly a pink dress an' a blue one too, an' thin she could wear whichever she liked. May be, miss, ye're getting tired and want to hear the ind of the matther."

"O no! I am very much interested. Let me hear the rest."

"It's little more there is to tell, miss," said Phelim, looking a little doubtfully at me as if to assure himself that I was not bored by his story. Teddy had fallen asleep on his shoulder, and he smoothed the child's curls and patted his red cheeks, and even added an occasional hearty kiss without disturbing his slumber in the least.

"I had no more luck at all, miss. There niver was a tune so suddenly altered as mine. It's a changing worruld, Miss Mary. We are here to-day wi' light hearts, happen, or heavy, as the case may be, an' to-morrow we are oop an' off. Fro' the dee o' our birth till we reach the ind o' all, we niver can see the matther o' an inch aither fore or aft of our noses. There, Teddy, mavourneen, be asy. Settle down again, lad, an' thry the swate drame over."

Teddy closed his eyes obediently, and lest his father should relapse into his moralizing vein, I asked what success he had at the next house he called at.

"O thin, miss, iverybody was as grum and sour as if they had the ager. They did n't want to buy and they would n't. Naither soft soap nor hard soap would work at all. Thin I spread out the goods, laces, velvets, and fine linens all over the kitchen, which was not the cleanest place in Ameriky, by a long shot. Hickory! An' ye might die siventy deaths before ye would guess what I got for me kindness."

"A good scolding, perhaps."

"Niver a word. But they waited till the delicate things were all out o' me pack an' thin an ould famale haythen sazed a broom an' began to swape the floor for dear life. Sich a dust! It choked an' it strangled me to that degree as I could scarce get a breath. I jumped up quick enough to resky the goods. There was no time to fold up a thing. Hurry skurry they wint all together into the boxes, all in a jam and a muddle, an' kivered with dirt an' feathers an' threads. Arrah! was n't I mad? Did n't I give them the intire lingth o' me tongue? I called them the

most unspakable names! Niver a bit did they care. But whin I was fairly out o' the house, they called after me and wished me a pleasant journey. I turned round and shook me fist instead o' walking off in silence as became a person o' dignity. Och! how they laughed thin! It sounded for all the worruld like the chant o' the relatives at the funeral o' a donkey. Sich manners! Sich fine American manners!" said Phelim, snapping his fingers with the greatest contempt, and then joining in the laugh that I could not suppress.

"It's past and gone now, miss, and I can afford to laugh, but small fun did I get from it then. At the next place I heard the kay turning in the door before I reached it, an' now I knew what it meant. I disdained to spake to the mane spalpeens inside, and was turning directly and pacably about to lave the concern, whin I heard a noise round the corner, an' jist took the throuble to see what it might be. It was a woman lettin' herself out o' the window, heels first, but the window was a high one and the woman a short, little body, though plump and dumpy as a dook. There she hung by the tips o' her fingers an' dare n't let go, though her feet were not a full inch from the ground. I can't tell how it was, but shure, miss, I niver thought as she was thrying to rin away for fear o' meself. I did n't stop to consider any matther. I saw she naded help, an' no thrue Irishman, miss, can see that same and not offer his humble sarvices."

"That is true, Phelim. You are a polite people. But what did you do?"

"Thank yees for the compliment. I will tell you what I did. I wint oop to her softly not to frighten her. 'Whist! Steady!' says I. 'Wait a bit, darlin',' says I, all in airnest to help her. 'It's meself is the lad that will help ye foriver, an' yees can hould on till I set down me pack.' St. Pathrick the blest! She jist looked over her shoulder an' wi' one big yell o' 'Murther! thaves!' she drapped down on her fat little feet, an' lavin' one shoe behind, she made off across the field to the next house, holloppin' an' scraachin' like a lunatic bedbug. I hurried on afther as ceevilly and dacently as possible, for there was me character to clare up, and I wanted to show the good pape over yon that I was naither a murtherer nor a thafe. The woman's noise had fetched them all out o' the house, an' they saw me coming behind her as fast as I could. So to finish up my bad fortin intirely they set a big dog on me, which chased me out o' sight o' the mane, dirthy ragin, an' kept me rinnin' till me breath was clane gone and me coorage too. An' me money too, for I missed it directly I got a chance to rest. Niver a penny was left to buy me a

dacent dinner. Happen, ye'll understand the raison why I did not go back to sarch for it. I sat down under a wall, disolate and hoongry as a bear. Me tune was changed intirely, ye will perceive. The fine dancing and laughing were both over for a bit, an' a long racess they seemed like-ly to heve of it."

"So you were quite discouraged," I said, to remind him that he had not finished his story, for he seemed quite absorbed in the remembrance of his miserable plight.

"Troth! Ye may well say that. I sat there an hour or more and wint over in me mind the whole business. 'An' Phelim,' says I to meself, 'it's the big lies as is finding ye out, lad. Ye may do well at the hard, honest work, and it's happy ye'll be wi' thruth on yer tongue, but ye're no fit for peddlin', boy. It's back to New York we're bound wi' the pack o' ould duds, an' the saints presarve us from meddlin' wi' thrading an' lying again. Poor Nelly,' says I, and the tears would coom as if I were a baby, 'poor Nelly! An' where is yer new dress, mavourneen? Small nade to choose now 'betwane the pink an' the blue.' Well, miss, I came sthraight back to the city, an' whin Nelly saw me safe once more, an' cured o' peddlin', beyond all hope o' a relapse, she was happier than if I had brought her a ship load of fine dresses."

"But you had to do something, I suppose. What did you try next?"

"It was Nelly's plan, shure, that we thried next. She had made up her mind to take a bit room in some counthree village and work at the washing and ironing. An' she's a rare one at the laces and muslins, miss, as ye will say if ye find work for her."

"So that is how you happen to be here?"

"Yes. We came out here the next week, and we've prospered. There was work in the mill at good wages for me, though the noise and clatter jist turns me brain still, an' Nelly got plinty to do, an' so we were soon out o' the bog. Niver fear for us, miss. We have got willing hands and sthrong ones too, an' the baby to work for. We shall thrive, niver fear."

"I believe you, Phelim," I replied, as I rose to return home. "I believe my father wants a new gardener at our place. Would you like the situation better than working in the mill?"

"Like it, ma'am? Why, it's me own thrade, shure! Jist thry me, miss. Ye'll see how the bit buds, the lilies, and the roses will hurry themselves open to greet their old friend. An' the fruits, an' the vegetables, an' the grapes, an' berries all know me by heart. O, thin, it's meself can boast without braggin', for in all the ould counthree there's niver a lad as can bate me at

diggin', an' prunin', an' plantin', an' tendin' the fine things as is perfect already."

"I hope you are not trying to impose any of your large stories upon me, Phelim," I answered, a little suspiciously; "'let another praise thee and not thine own lips.' That is a good rule, Phelim."

"Shure. But wherever shall I find the other to do it, miss?"

"You can come over to talk with my father this evening. I think he will engage you till the mills start again if no longer."

"Jist let him thry me!" said Phelim, earnestly, "an' I'll be asy an' continted for the rest. Faith! an' me fortin is made now!"

I went home laughing at his sanguine expectations. His enthusiasm was really refreshing to me. I felt better and more charitable to all mankind. I saw how easy and wrong it was to censure those whose motives and feelings we do not understand.

He came over in the evening. My father, who has none of my suspicious nature, was won over at once by his frank, good humor and respectful manners, and he engaged him for as long a time as they could agree together.

Since then, four years have passed swiftly by; three other fat babies have in quick succession filled Teddy's post of honor as the baby of the family, and Nelly, proud and happy and still as young and fresh-looking as ever, comes out in the evening for a frolic with the little ones on the green grass, or joins her voice to Phelim's in the queerest of ditties or most pathetic of Erin's loved melodies. The big, burly Irishman will never grow old in heart, and will never cease to be an enthusiast in his descriptions of his own feats as well as the doings of others, but he is a valuable gardener and a favorite with all the family.

For myself, whenever I find myself disposed to judge others harshly, I look out over the nicely-kept garden and grounds, the beautiful shrubs and flowers, which are the admiration of the whole neighborhood, and then remember my premature judgment of the Irish Peddler.

HONESTY IN TRADE.

THERE is no class in society who can so ill afford to undermine the conscience of the community, or to set it loose from its moorings in the eternal sphere, as merchants, who live upon confidence and credit. Any thing which weakens or paralyzes this, is taking beams from the foundations of the merchant's own warehouse.

AN EXEMPLIFICATION OF PATIENCE.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

"MAKE us willing both to do and suffer all thy righteous will," is a petition often heard in prayer. More grace is required to suffer than to do, and still more to do while suffering. The Christian, whose words and deeds are exposed to public scrutiny, is environed with the prickly hedge of public disgrace, if he waver, and stimulated by the certainty of public honor, if he bravely do and firmly suffer. The martyr for truth, added to his prospect of an immortal crown of glory, has the preventive of ignominy, if he recant his creed, and the incentive of posthumous praise, the hope of doing good, by his example, for future ages, if he seal his labors with his blood. The missionary of the cross, when toiling, fainting in a heathen land, persecuted and derided by those for whom he pours out his life-energies, has still the strong arm of the Christian Church to lean upon. In all his sufferings, the sympathies of thousands are with him, and his daring deeds may speak for Christ when he is gone. Deep in the heart of our humanity is implanted the dread of annihilation. Few, very few can be found who have no wish to be remembered. We would not say that the love of God, alone, has not power to indurate human weakness to the endurance of intensest agony, for often and gloriously has it attested its all-efficiency. And yet renown in its highest and best sense is a powerful spur to action and endurance, in our present state of existence. So great is our love of living, that we would willingly forego many comforts that we may live in the remembrance of posterity.

But patience has her perfect work, when, unaided by applauding thousands, unstimulated by hope of fame, uncheered by sympathizing strangers, the private individual labors and suffers, looking only for the final applaudit, "Well done!"

Such an exemplification of patience we find in the character of Mrs. E. J. Gross. Born on the banks of the beautiful Androscoggin, her life was passed amid the charming seclusion of its hills and valleys, and her character developed amid interchanging ruggedness and beauty. Early in life she was left an orphan, and though surrounded by warm-hearted relatives and friends, she bravely stepped out into the world, to support herself by teaching district schools. It may be that this very discipline helped secure her that perfect self-control which she uniformly manifested in subsequent life. In a few years, however, she left this employment to minister to the wants of a consumptive sister. A few months passed

away and she was left alone with the little ones and their twice-bereaved father. A year or two elapsed and she was married to Mr. Gross. I was a very little girl then, but I remember hearing people talking about it, and saying, "I believe Jane married only for the sake of the children."

For the sake of the children! And yet hers was not the ordinary charge of a step-mother. There was Abby, the first wife's daughter, and Helena, the second wife's child by a former husband, and the two little boys half brothers to each of the girls. In a few years another little boy was added to the group. And yet amid all this diversity of relationship there were no accusations of partiality.

Mrs. Gross did not content herself with doing her housework, making the children's clothes, and sending them, neatly dressed, to school. Every evening she inquired about the recitations of the day, and insisted upon knowing every word that had been missed in spelling and every question unanswered. These were recited and talked about till she supposed them fixed in the memory for future use. Meanwhile she dealt out praises liberally for those whose lessons had been perfectly learned. The little boys were then set to studying their abbreviations, punctuation, figures, sounds of the letters, or whatever might be the task assigned for the morrow. This was repeated to "Mother," missed, studied over again and repeated, before breakfast and after breakfast, perhaps half a dozen times before nine o'clock, the school hour. Perhaps the discipline was irksome to the children at the time; but they learned to value education, when they saw even necessary work suspended for their mental advancement. Mrs. Gross seemed endowed with a natural talent for family government. She could make playthings and play too without infringing in the least her authority in weightier matters. She had the ease and dignity of a lady even while engaged in the humblest duties of her station. Intellectual refinement was manifest in every thing about her. Her only ambition seemed to be that she might perfectly fill her own sphere. During the last ten years of her life, her husband, having sold his farm, was engaged in business in a neighboring city—business which allowed him only two or three months to spend at home in summer, and restricted him to occasional visits during the remainder of the year. Hence the oversight of the family devolved more fully upon her. Yet she was never heard to complain of her cares or duties. She was gratified in seeing the children, as they grew up, each become more tender and affectionate toward herself, while the utmost harmony reigned in the

family. But at length, Abby, having entered her nineteenth year, went to spend a few months with her friends in Boston, and was brought back in her coffin. It was a great shock to the fond step-mother, but she nerved herself to the task of trying to console the other members of the family. Her self-control was now doubly needed, as the unexpected shock had thrown Helena into a fever. Yet Abby, though young, had been a working Christian for several years, and one of her last remarks, alluding to her earthly residence, had been, "Home, sweet home." This was, no doubt, a pleasing reflection to her who had tried to make it so. And yet during nearly all her married life—for sixteen years at least—she was afflicted with a disease, perhaps one of the most trying to human endurance. Not, indeed, so painful, for several years, as might have been, but one which led to the certainty of death at last—one for which there was no hope of remedy, but greater suffering in anticipation for each succeeding year.

In the spring of 1855 I met her by agreement in Boston, whither she had gone for the purpose of submitting to a surgical operation. For a long time it had been thought she could not live a year. Her own expectations were the same; and after long, careful, and prayerful deliberation, she came to the conclusion that it would be right to risk her chance of life, for the sake of her family, especially as the surgeon to whom she applied had a few months previous performed a remarkably-successful operation in a case similar, so far as could be judged.

When I entered her room on the morning of the expected operation, I found her reading her Bible. She conversed with the utmost composure in regard to the anticipated arrangements for the day. She had looked Death full in the face, and felt, as she assured me, prepared either to live or die. Providentially, however, the surgeon declined hazarding the operation. She might live a year without it, he said, although he evidently believed she would not. And here is where her record of endurance, both mental and physical, begins. She lived four years and a half after the period to which we have just alluded. One year from this time Roscoe, her youngest step-son, was pronounced incurably consumptive. It was a great comfort to him to have his mother near, and she saw in this event great cause for thankfulness that the surgical operation, to which she had looked with some confidence, had not been performed; although at the time she had felt somewhat disappointed. Roscoe had always been with her. She had taken charge of him from an infant—had watched with great delight his early intellectual development, and

deeply sympathized with him when, as he grew older, an affection of the eyes prevented him from pursuing his studies, or engaging in such business pursuits as he might have chosen. And now she watched him close down to the brink of the dark river, forgetful of her own debility and mindful chiefly of the wants of others. Again the early spring came round, and George came home to die. Unlike his brother, he had always been healthy. Consequently, he had been for several years in the city, with his father, either attending school or engaged in business. But the seeds of consumption had been planted in his system, and, like Roscoe, he died in midsummer. This event plunged the family more deeply in grief than the former. They had never expected that Roscoe would live many years, but that George should be taken when scarcely twenty-one, was a blow for which the father, especially, was unprepared. In this case, as in the former, Mrs. Gross endeavored to control her own emotions for the sake of others.

Again the rolling year renewed the swelling buds of May, and I met her for the last time, in a darkened room. It was an occasion of melancholy interest. Helena had been confined to the house during the winter; and the evening train brought the city physician who had been summoned to decide whether there might be any possibility of hope. He only thought it possible she might live through the summer.

On the morning of my departure, Mrs. Gross came into my room, that we might have a few minutes alone in conversation, and perhaps, too, that she might, for a few minutes, enjoy the luxury of tears. In Helena's room she felt obliged to assume a cheerful expression, and in her aunt's room—her aunt and uncle, an aged couple, occupied the same house—she dared not weep lest she might be distressed thereby. We recalled the scenes of the melancholy past and looked to the darkening future. She had feared when George came home that he would not have the same feeling, the same assurance that the other members of the family had; in fine, that it *would not seem like home* to him, he had been away so long; but she found that his attachment was strengthened by absence; and with deep emotion she referred to his frequent expressions of tender anxiety for herself; he bequeathed her some of his most valued keepsakes, and even when he was dying begged her not to come into his room so often, lest it might hurt her. But the thought of seeing Helena wasting away from day to day, with the prospective death-scene always before her; of seeing her who had been the tireless nurse of all the family, who always fulfilled the wish before it was expressed, who could not be induced

to spend a week away from home lest her mother might be neglected; of seeing her, just in the dawn of womanhood, go down to the grave, O, it was almost too much to bear! The mother's heart was full, and yet she did not forget to express her thankfulness that both they who had gone and she who was going had given evidence of a preparation of heart to meet God; and added to this that her own Edward was looking to the Savior.

But she did bear it, and smoothed the pathway of the last of her adopted children to the tomb. She could not, indeed, wait upon the patient herself, but she could tell others what to do and exactly how to do it. She did the thinking for the family; not that they were less thoughtful than others, for they were unusually regardful of each other's happiness, but her mind seemed to grasp all the minutæ of every one's necessities. And not only did her care extend to her own family, but to her uncle and aunt, and whoever might be under the roof; and this at a time when her own situation demanded the deepest sympathy, and might well excuse her from anxiety for the comfort of others. The friend who gave me the details of her last hours thus writes:

"About the time Helena died she seemed to change in her religious feelings, and become more heavenly-minded. . . .

"She bore her sufferings remarkably. Indeed, that is the great, astonishing fact in her case. She passed through enough to crush entirely any common woman—enough to break down every thing that is womanly, and make a mere child, if not an idiot. And yet she manifested intellectual vigor till the last. She would sit in her rocking-chair, day after day, and give directions about her domestic affairs, the most minute, telling exactly how every thing must be cooked and how every thing must be done. She was wonderfully resigned to her situation, and never murmured. The tests to which she was subjected show her to have been a person of very great strength of intellect."

The tumor, removed at the *post-mortem* examination, contained one hundred and fifty pounds of fluid and solid matter. "She died," says the writer before alluded to, "without a struggle or a groan, and looked, after death, as if she had just fallen asleep." When we consider from what slight bodily afflictions thousands not only excuse themselves from all care for the good of others, but also become nervously impatient and fretful, we can not help believing hers an example of moral heroism worthy of remembrance. We can recall no incident of her life from which we might deduce a selfish motive. We are not

surprised to learn that she never murmured, for she believed it impious to complain of the dispensations of Providence; and as were her principles so was her practice. Her work is done and her sufferings have ceased. He who knoweth best hath said, "It is enough: come up higher."

CHASING SHADOWS.

BY EMILY J. ADAMS.

THERE'S a rippling and a warbling
Of the fountain in its play,
And a gushing and a gliding
Of the streamlet on its way,
And the humming of the wild bee,
And the wild bird on the wing!
All things lift their joyous voices
To make glad the hours of spring.

And the sunbeams and the shadows
Go a-dancing o'er the lea,
Waltzing down thro' field and meadow,
Resting 'neath each green-wood tree!
O, I love to watch them dancing,
For a time to mind they bring,
When, a child, I chased the shadows,
In the pleasant days of spring.

But I am a child no longer,
And all things are not the same;
Then I used to chase the shadows,
But the sunbeams ever came;
Then my heart was light and joyous,
As the free bird on the wing,
While I romped through field and meadow,
In the pleasant days of spring.

Now I strive to catch the sunbeams,
But I find that they are fled,
When I reach my hand to grasp them,
And the shadows come instead!
Now I bear the summer's labor,
And the cares that life will bring;
Childhood must give way to manhood,
Autumn take the place of spring.

Then come forth, O little children!
Be as joyous as ye may;
Laugh and dance, and shout your carols,
All the sunny, happy day,
Ere "the clouds and darkness lower,"
For old Time is on the wing;
Long you may not stop to gather
Sunbeams, in the hours of spring.

Autumn, winter passed, I hasten
To a land of perfect bliss,
Wake to youth and life eternal,
And to joys unknown in this.
There my path will ne'er be darkened,
Death no shadows o'er it fling,
I shall gather light and glory
In a realm of endless spring.

THE DEPARTED.

BY ELLEN T. RUSSELL.

FALL softly, fall softly, ye cold winter snows,
O'er the turf where brave beauty has marked its re-
pose;

And you, ye wild winds, that howl over his bed,
Disturb not the rest of the beautiful dead.
He hath passed from the earth that he clothed with a
light,

As the glorious stars crown the brow of the night;
He hath gone from us now in the glow of his bloom,
To the bosom of death and the pitiless tomb.

The spirit that burned in his beautiful eyes,
Where is it, where is it, O, tell us, ye skies;
'T was unequalled in light, 't was exquisitely rare,
We gaze on him now, but we find it not there;
The smile from his lip, the musical tone,
Its soft-murmured accents, O, where are they gone?
I call on the earth, the sky, and the air,
But my plea is unheeded and fruitless my prayer.

The spring is returning, the gay song-birds sing,
But, O, what sad memories their melodies bring!
I grieve while I listen, for there is not a tone
But breathes of the spirit that early has gone.
O, sorrow! O, darkness! O, death and the tomb,
How many a loved one ye wrap in your gloom!
How many a pleasure ye drag from our way,
Ungracious destroyers of life's sunny day!

The flowers of youth that bloomed to the view,
So sweet in their perfume, so rich in their hue,
Bedewed with affection and undoubting trust,
Time's hand, unrelenting, has crushed to the dust.
Is it weakness to sorrow or weakness to sigh,
When the brave, and the noble, and the beautiful die?
Can we stifle regrets or put flight to the tears
That flow in remembrance of happier years?

Can the earth, when 't is stripped of its freshness and
glow,
Look up through the ruins and smile o'er its woe?
Or the clouds when they part with the sunlight at
even,
Can they still bear the hues and the impress of
heaven?

No! There is a time when joy speeds away
As the glorious sun leaves the brow of the day;
As sure as the sweets of the summer depart,
So the bliss of life's spring-time must die from the
heart.

No more can our spirits keep constant within
The sunlight of joy o'er the ravage of sin,
Than the heavens can smile when the tempest is nigh,
And clouds dark as midnight have passed o'er the
sky.

There are times when the spirit must bend 'neath its
weight,
And feel most acutely its sinful estate;
When the mind that is battling with grievances sore
Must pause from exhaustion, its dearth to deplore.

We need not be frantic, we need not turn back,
But pursue with proud vigor a virtuous track;

Though life's glowing pleasures may pass from our
sight,

It need not deter us from duty and right.
There 's a blessing in virtue and zeal for the truth
That shines o'er the wreck of the joys of our youth;
Though the soul bears the clouds that must hang
round its throne,

One star in the heavens still burneth alone;
It beckons us onward, its beams from above
Are breathing of beauty, of goodness, and love,
And the bubble of fame 'neath the power of its might
Must dwindle away in the glory of light.

THE MOTHER.

BY MRS. S. TAYLOR GRISWOLD.

PROUDLY as tenderly cherish her now;
Sorrow hath written its lines on her brow;
Oft hath she bowed to the chastening rod;
Oft hath returned a lent treasure to God.
Care for her lovingly, ne'er canst thou be
Unto thy mother what she was to thee.

Droops she despondingly? Sympathy's might
Chaseth the darkness, restoreth the light;
Softly and tenderly accents should fall,
Breathing of trust in the Father of all;
Early she taught thee to give him thine heart—
Speak of his love and her fears will depart.

Love her devotedly, ever hath she
Been as an angel of heaven to thee;
Guarding from all that might lead thee astray,
Guiding thy steps in youth's perilous way;
Often in fervency bending her knee—
Who but a mother hath done this for thee?

On cometh, surely, the weakness of age,
Freedom from earth and its ills to presage—
Saddest and sorest, the close of life's day
Oft is o'ershadowed by mental decay.
Reverently, soothingly bend o'er her when
Childhood's sweet spirit hath blest her again.

When the glad spirit rejecteth the clod,
Solemnly, trustingly yield her to God.
Cherish as hallowed the place where her dust
Meekly awaiteth the call for the just;
Breathe there a prayer that to thee it be given,
Like her to pass through death's portals to heaven.

THE WORLDLING'S HOPE RENOUNCED.

BY MISS E. B. ROBINSON.

FAREWELL, vain hope! I'll trust no more
Thy smiles delusive; but restore
Thy shadowy gifts again;
Thy visionary bliss is flown;
Thy pains and pleasures I disown;
I'll naught of thine retain.

Again, farewell! I'll trust thee not;
Thy fancied joys are soon forgot,
Thy promises are vain;
Thy air-formed blessings I return,
And all thy proffered favors spurn;
I'll naught of thine retain!

OUR BOOKS—THEIR ABUNDANCE AND ITS CAUSES.

BY J. F. HURST.

BRIGHT visions of the future must always be attributed to the discoverer and the inventor. They may never speak of them, but they have them, nevertheless. Columbus was enraptured, we may be assured, when he saw the dim outline of an unknown island, and the leading events that have since taken place on the northern half of the American continent may have had a tolerable first-sketch in his mind when he kissed the beach of San Salvador and watered it with his tears of gratitude. Neither can it be doubted that a vivid panorama moved before the mind of Fulton when he witnessed the first revolutions of his paddle-wheels—a scene mayhap of all Christendom sailing on steamboats. But enthusiastic as Columbus and Fulton may have been, it would be idle to suppose that Guttenberg was less so when the conception of movable type sprang into his mind. That he had some prophetic idea of what would be the manhood of his child-art is proved from his sacrifice of self and pelf, so proverbial of all true artists and inventors. These wooden blocks shall do something for the world; thus he seemed to think and thus he acted. The year 1450 found him a penniless inventor; and too impoverished to prosecute his work any longer alone, he formed a partnership with Johann Faust, who agreed to furnish funds for conducting a printing-press in Mayence. Of that copartnership we all know the issue.

Guttenberg's press, heavy and rough as a farmer's cart, is still in existence. By winding through one of the quaint streets of Mayence till reaching the heart of the city, you will find the Farberhoff, first of printing offices. It is now a restaurant, and had you entered its little guest-room but two summers ago to enjoy a sandwich and a cup of coffee, both body and spirit would have been refreshed by the landlord, who is not slow to tell how the press had been concealed nearly four centuries beneath the overbuilt ruins of two foundation walls, and how it had recently been discovered by some masons in clearing away the buried rubbish. But the press itself could not be seen, only the heavy box in which it was packed to send off to one of the northern cities to be sold at auction. What a link is that relic between the dark, unlettered past and the press-covered, book-heaped present!

Book-heaped present, we affirm, and every body is willing to acknowledge it. Printed paper is more common than blank. You will find on entering yon marble building, that beneath

one roof there lies, on narrow shelves, more printed wealth than it would require, had you its equivalent in gold, to build a stately villa or load a merchantman for China. The proprietor of that establishment purchases men's thoughts, stamps them on paper, binds them in pasteboard covers, exposes specimen copies for public inspection, advertises his stock in every respectable newspaper, posts descriptive handbills, employs agents, and presents numberless volumes to the pen-craft of his country. The minister, lawyer, and physician have each an office whose walls are almost encircled from floor to ceiling with tiers of publications. Their owners love them, too, and you may buy from the first his sketches, from the second his briefs, from the third his theses; but if you wish books go elsewhere. That man is no true student who would not more willingly sell his only bed and eat but one meal a day than to part with his friendly tomes. But books are not limited to the professions. In every car there are some bedizened and half-exhausted people straining their eyes over a printed page. It is the same on the steamboat and in the stage-coach. The distant west receives far more emigrants from bookdom than from all Europe. Go to the mines of California or Pike's Peak; a book is found in the scantiest bundle, and after the weary gold-digger has read a few pages by his torchlight it forms a part of his pillow for the night. Stop at the rudest tavern, and however deficient it may be in delicacies of the palate, deeply would the landlord blush if, when asked, he could not furnish a volume for every guest. Yes, we will find books not only in our happy homes in the thickly-settled states, but as far to the west as can be heard the sound of the settler's ax, which is the first note of deliverance calling the tangled wilderness to civilization and Christianity.

Meanwhile authors are in their retreats incubating more thoughts, and after a few seasons shall have passed, their names, now grown somewhat familiar, will be found on the title-pages of new works. What a power of vitality exists in the true author! Critics may charge him with every defect of style and mind, but they have no power to shackle his pen. Crush one of such men, and, like Truth, he will rise again. See that eagle soaring upward and disappearing from the eye in the direction of the sun! Can yon lurking hawk, that lives in a lower realm, overtake him in his flight and draw him down to the gross earth? Not at all; nor can you bind down the real author; for his pen is as chainless as his princely mind. Critic, you may not belabor him with any good purpose, but know that every thrust you give him is the very making of him.

What hard blows are struck upon the block of marble in the work-shop of Powers! One's ears tingle at the sound. The floor is covered with white chips and dust. Linger awhile—still the stone is featureless. A few years pass by and you are many an ocean mile this side the Florentine studio. Just at hand is a marble figure, graceful, dignified, inspiring. *It was the chisel that made the Greek Slave.* So is it with the great writer. His best friends are his most merciless critics, and hard as it is for the sufferer to understand it, these same critics tell many a truth. Some fall, alas! like poor Keats, beneath their blows; but the most judicious become all the stronger for the testing of their virtue. Let the patient lie still, then, and when he is relieved of a cancer he will again have the strength of hardy manhood.

Granting that books are as numerous as we have supposed, they could not remain so unless the production and supply were great. Yet we observe no diminution, rather a startling increase. Worn-out volumes are replaced by new ones, our multiplying population is supplied with all it can find time to read, and our territory, let it grow never so fast, need not wait a moment for want of literary matter. Every city of respectable size has more than one publishing house, and all the towns and villages of civilized countries are well stored with publications from the great depositories. Presses must, therefore, not merely be innumerable, but ever active, to meet the demand constantly made upon them. Were they to enjoy a year's vacation countless children would be growing up without rudimentary knowledge, young men delaying entrance upon their profession for want of suitable publications, young ladies from every corner of the states repining the absence of a new romance, old men becoming fretful in want of a literary solace and thereby hastening their death, printers, with dependent wives and children, goaded to beggary, rags, and rum, while authors of every taste and age would be driven to sudden gray hairs, insanity, and suicide. But the presses work on; by steam they are made, and steam is their muscle. They tire not, wipe no sweat from their dingy brows, have no hungry wives or children to feed and clothe. Yet they are spreading mental aliment before all the enlightened millions of the earth; and night and day must they work to do it. This week you may receive the dollar that will buy one of these books; and after you shall have marked its pith, praised its worth, and given it to your family, you keep it circulating among your friends till they all know as much of it as you do. Then you read another publication, which is the source of neither pleasure nor profit

to you. So you lay it aside and think no more about it. Such is the round of books. They come to us like spring flowers, to gladden and refresh us. Some of them are so beautiful and fragrant that we press and keep them. Far more, however, dry on the stock that bore them, and hungry is the bird that feeds on the tasteless seeds.

To give a more matter-of-fact character to these observations, we introduce a small fragment of the article *Bookselling* in Appleton's American Cyclopaedia. How remarkable has been the increase of American books during the last few years! In 1855 there were published 2,162 works in 2,388 volumes. From January 1, 1856, to March, 1858, we issued 4,886 books in 5,362 volumes. It must be understood, however, that about 30 per cent. in both instances were reprints. In Mr. S. G. Goodrich's Recollections of a Lifetime, we have a table showing the value of books manufactured and sold in the United States from 1820 to 1850: 1820, \$2,500,000; 1830, \$3,500,000; 1840, \$5,500,000; 1850, \$12,500,000. The ratio must have been incomparably greater during the last ten years, as Mr. Goodrich estimates the amount of the production of the American book trade for the year 1856 alone at \$16,000,000, conceding to New York three-eighths of that sum. But this domestic production of books is not so enormous as to disparage importation. On the other hand, the latter is proportionately astonishing; for from 1851 to 1857 inclusive, it has reached the sum of \$5,237,060. But leaving the statistics of the aggregate sales of American books, it is wonderful to observe the issue of a few of the works but recently written and published. Of Uncle Tom's Cabin, 310,000 copies had been sold two years ago; of The Lamplighter, 90,000; Shady-Side, 42,000; Fern Leaves, 70,000; Hugh Miller's Works, 50,000; Sears's Wonders of the World, 100,000; Benton's Thirty Years' View, 2 vols. 8vo, 55,000; Harpers' Pictorial Bible, \$20 a copy, 25,000; Kane's Arctic Explorations, 2 vols. 8vo, 65,000, paying \$65,000 copy-right. Of Mitchell's Geography there is a probable issue of 1,000 per day; of Davies's mathematical series, and of Sanders's Readers, each, 300,000 were circulated in 1857. Of Noah Webster's Elementary Spelling-Book, 35,000,000 copies have been sold, and its annual issue is over 1,000,000. Webster's dictionaries, of which there are eight abridgments, have had an aggregate sale of nearly 2,000,000; and about 100,000 of the Primary are sold annually. When books are issued in such fabulous numbers as these, it is not surprising that some authors ply a lucrative pen. Mr. G. P. Putnam has sold 575,000 volumes of

Washington Irving's works since 1849, for which the lamented Story-King of the Hudson received the sum of \$75,000. Mr. Charles Scribner has paid to Ik. Marvel \$20,000 for *Reveries of a Bachelor*, and to Mr. Headly for three of his works \$50,000. Verily Sydney Smith's question is a curiosity in 1860—Who reads an American book?

But equally startling is the reverse of such great success in authorship. In a newspaper paragraph of recent date we find the following lamentable evidences of literary mortality drawn from reliable sources: Out of one thousand published books, six hundred never pay the cost of printing, two hundred just pay expenses, one hundred return a slight profit, and only one hundred show a substantial gain. Of these one thousand books, six hundred and fifty are forgotten by the end of the year, and one hundred and fifty more at the end of three years; only fifty survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the seventeenth century, hardly more than fifty have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the 80,000 works published in the eighteenth century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century.

But numerous as our publications are, they are to a certain extent without a local habitation. Not yet are they collected into libraries to any great degree; we mean proportionally to the amount issued from our press. Now Europe can look upon the most of her books as real estate. The chief library of a German duchy is as likely as not to be worth more than its best cathedral, or its sovereign's grandest palaces. It would be interesting to see how the revival of classical learning, the Reformation, religious and political conflicts and ascendancies, have each in turn been instrumental in giving a new phase to European literature, and consequently of increasing the number of publications to an almost unlimited extent. To visit some of the continental libraries and gaze upon the countless shelves of heavy tomes would lead a lunar visitor to the earth to conclude that man had been writing and printing books as long as he has been digging the ground and living on its fruits. The *Bibliothèque Impériale*, at Paris, reaches 1,500,000 volumes, and is rapidly increasing. The Imperial Library of St. Petersburg contains about 580,000 volumes. There were in 1856 in the British Museum 560,000 volumes, besides manuscripts which all the world has not gold enough to buy. In that one building are forty miles of well-filled book-shelves. Two dozen of the principal libraries of Germany contain four and a half millions of volumes. The library of

the Vatican contains about 300,000 volumes and 24,000 MSS. There is no catalogue of them, and they are kept in closed cases. What we give is a low estimate. A great day will that be when the Vatican Library is opened to the vulgar world. Romanism knows how to guard her interests; therefore she locks up her books which may hereafter betray many of her dark deeds. But she has classic works of priceless worth. Though her great library is by no means the largest, in many points it is the richest in existence. Numbers are no test of value. There are but fifty paintings in the Vatican Pinacotheca, yet these are the finest masterpieces in the world, and what every one goes to Italy to see and study.

Private libraries are larger in Europe than with us; perhaps it is because antiquarian works are cheaper and the literary class of people larger. Almost every man of learning counts his volumes by thousands. He may be poor, but the day is past when learned poverty is synonymous with lean book-shelves. But it is by the most rigid self-denial that he thus amasses the possessions of his choice. Were all men to do as he does the bookseller alone would be the millionaire, while all the grocers, tailors, and butchers would die of sheer starvation. That is the secret of the printed wealth which is sometimes lodged in the attic-room of a French or a German scholar in such incongruous but intimate fellowship with rags, dry bread, and water. But he may congratulate himself that Gutenberg has lived, and that, with rare exceptions, great authors are now cheap. See him smile at his good fortune when he is told that Plato paid for three books of Philolaus the Pythagorean 10,000 denarii, or \$1,600; that Saint Jerome made himself a poor man to buy the works of Origen; and that while one of Wickliffe's New Testaments cost forty pounds sterling, or almost one hundred and seventy-eight dollars, you can now buy a New Testament for ten cents.

Having seen how increasingly abundant our books are, and having observed the collected and settled literary treasures of Europe, it is equally interesting to notice some of the influences that have been at work in producing the redundancy of American publications. The state of public sentiment in every country gives its impress to the literature. Indeed, books are always to be considered the mirrored face of the times. Tennyson has just reproduced for us in his *Idylls of the King* a few of those legends of Arthur—*flos regum*—around which clustered the literature of the sixteenth century. In the days of Rosicrucianism the books were as decidedly alchemystic as Raymond Tully himself. Now,

applying the same rule to our literature, we learn that politics have had much to do with its construction. Our colonial history and republican birth being such as they are have not been inwrought with the song and fancy of Minstrel or Minnesinger, but with the warp of substantial political facts. Thus in the Revolutionary period every publication was revolutionary. The poet could not get a hearing unless, like Virgil, he sang "of arms." The popular orator would have been hissed if he had not spoken of liberty and the tyrant. The lawyer and clergyman talked of rights because it was the uppermost subject. Ever since those days we have continued a nation of politicians. The man is a dreamer who does not vote. Rotation of office and the open hustings have thus tended to keep in motion all the political sediment which was first stirred up by the tea-boxes in Boston harbor. Eighty years ago the lion guided the American pen, but now Brother Jonathan with positiveness claims the eagle for his muse. Every change in a party platform begets a numerous though short-lived progeny of pamphlets and books. A presidential nomination gives steady work to numberless goose-quills and presses. Then we have a national printing office, which furnishes patent-office reports, coast surveys, exploring accounts, and those innumerable and unnamable public documents that are sent as far into our distant wilds as a constituent is known to live. Every state, too, has its legislative press, which is busy night and day for at least a part of the year. Can it be wondered at, then, in the light of all these facts, that much of our literature has been produced by the political sentiment?

The next most prolific cause of the multiplication of our books is religion. The example of the colony of Maryland in granting open doors and equal rights to people of every creed was afterward wisely imitated by the confederated thirteen states. Of course we could not live together without believing differently, and the human race has, many a century ago, refused to preserve silence on theological views. Our country, young as it was, could not forget the religious commotions in England that caused many of our forefathers to leave her shores. The result was, the infant republic had strong tenets, and published them fearlessly. Then those who could not get a hearing in the land of their birth came to the new world and added their fagot to our theologic pile. English Deism and French atheism found an outlet here in some respects freer than at home, while the Mormonism of to-day is every month increased by foreign recruits. The contesting armies of Truth

and Error were not as numerous as in Europe, but the conflict was no less a desperate one.

In time imported atheism was conquered by the spirit of the Gospel. As if by word of command schools arose in the largest towns and cities. Soon they were filled with students whose hearts had been fired by Whitefield, Edwards, and Tennent. Writers lived and taught there; writers and speakers came from them. Then there were other seminaries, such as the blacksmith's shop, the shoe-bench, and the cornfield. From these came forth sturdy preachers and a few strong-nerved writers. Never was pen grasped by harder muscle or paper pressed by rougher hands; but the spirit gave those people utterance. They mounted the horses they had bought with the same coin with which Jacob purchased Rachel. Many of them read and thought much as they rode; but all of them preached when they stopped. It would appear as if the young Methodist heart would break at the vain struggles and final extinction of Cokesbury College. But this was a blessing in disguise, for Asbury first learned from the rising flames of his much-loved institution that "the Lord called not Mr. Whitefield and the Methodists to found colleges." This being the Bishop's conclusion, he taught his men to let no mountain or river be impassable to them, and to take their message wherever a tenanted cabin could be found. But the truth was not spread alone by the restless itinerant. Every orthodox denomination has seemed to know its duty, and nobly has it done its share in producing a sound religious conviction in the popular heart. Our exegetical works are as rich in learning as any which England has latterly produced, and the evangelical believer will not hesitate to affirm that they are safer for the people. An Oxonian at Interlachen once made the remark, "I hate religious novels." Not so, thought we, does your country or ours. The people can be numbered by the thousand who will not hear a sermon, and would not believe it if heard; but they will readily take it if sugar-coated with romance. This is plainly proved by Kingsley and men of his clan, who have put forth their views in religious novels. So, too, have some of our Kingsleys been doing; Holmes and Curtis are giving the people such pills as would make them frantic if they could but taste them, but which they take without a whimper. On the contrary, we have some sound minds and good Christians who have adopted the story-form to instill truth into the public mind. This is perfectly legitimate, and a glance at publishers' notices will prove that this class of publications is rapidly increasing. A wonderful impetus has been given to our religious literature by the late revival.

Never was the Bible so popular as it now is, and never before have sermons been in such demand. But the dragon-teeth of error are equally prolific. Mormonism has occasioned more books than we have any idea of; Millerism has held its nervous and hasty pen; the long shelves of the Spiritualist Publishing House in New York are burdened with so much of the pine-table literature, that you would conclude the spirits had been rapping and writing ever since the Flood.

But science and the mechanic arts have scarcely done less than politics and religion in the increase of our books. Our country has been marvelously inventive. Egypt by her pyramids may carry us far back into the past, Italy may dazzle us with her ruins and paintings, England and France may count their battle-fields, cathedrals, and libraries by the hundred, and talk of their Cherbours and Great Easterns by the hour; but none of these lands can show us a patent-office like our own. In that one long room in Washington is more solid honor than is contained in all the palaces or reflected by all the military victories of Europe. There, too, is the source of many of our scientific works. You see the model of a steam-engine. Now, who can tell the number of works that have been produced on the subject of steam in its manifold applications? Electricity, magnetism, civil engineering, and agriculture have each been father to a large offspring. Of this last science it may be said that there is a house in New York devoted solely to the issue of agricultural works; and on its prospectus stand the names of sixty-three authors. And if this is for one state, how many Georgic writers must there be in the whole Union? Almost every ramification of science has been successfully pursued by American lovers of nature. There at the threshold of our national history stands Franklin on the bank of the Schuylkill, and by the aid of a slender kite-string stripping the thunder-cloud of its scepter. Such being the first step in science, who will dare to set a limit to our progress!

On examining the public libraries in this country one would imagine that the United States had given birth to an innumerable class of writers on natural phenomena. From what we have done who knows what laws and mysteries America may yet draw out of their long-locked hiding-place? Much has been written on geology, and were the subject to be dropped forever from human thought the world would be the gainer by its short residence among us. Astronomy has been attracting attention and eliciting thought and speculation from the dream days of Chaldean astrology down to the times of Herschel and Mitchell. But both these sciences are yet

young, and like a child that has not yet wandered away from its native cottage. So have we, after all our efforts, learned but little of the rich fields and mountain cliffs of science. But the time is coming when theory and instrument will afford us a more familiar and positive acquaintance with the dome above our heads and the globe beneath our feet. In that manhood America will have a share. If she can rob the thunder-cloud of its wrath and make an eloquent tongue of the dumb wire, we can set no bounds to her scientific attainments.

Physical science is every day collecting new votaries. Her reward is certain to the patient mind—the field of labor stretching from the bowels of the earth to the farthest star within the astronomer's ken. We, therefore, predict that the study of nature, which has already veined itself through every stratum of our literature, will yet form a clear acquaintance with the American printing-press. It has covered car-loads of paper with its definitions, proofs, theories, and illustrations; but the time will arrive when not merely the professor and the student will be naturalists, but when the plowman will think science as he turns up the matted glebe; and the blacksmith, after reading by the evening lamp the scientific periodical to his children, will ask the urchins what they learned that day in school about the rocks and stars. We say this because the times warrant the anticipation of great physical discoveries, a richer scientific literature, and a thorough infusion of it into the mind of the masses. Moreover, the triumph of science, come when it may, will be the triumph of revelation.

Thus much for the work of the American press and the chief causes that have rendered it so productive. Our view of the whole subject will be completed when, in another paper, we shall have considered the *power and worth of our books*. Meanwhile, let us be moderate in the terms we use when priding ourselves upon the multitude of publications in the United States; for as the political economist plainly shows us that a nation may actually be flooded with money and yet be in a state of poverty, so is the almost infinite number of our presses and publishing-houses by no means a positive proof of our intellectual wealth.

HOME.

HOME can never be transferred—never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by paternal love; by the innocence and sports of childhood; and by the first acquaintance of the heart with nature, is the only true home.

THEODORE PARKER AND INFIDELITY.

BY THRACE TALMON.

AFTER all the sublime and profound utterances of a philosopher like Socrates, he died as the fool dieth—requesting his friends to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius. And this because he was without knowledge of the great atoning sacrifice for sin. Every rational soul recognizes the stern necessity for the escape from the responsibility of transgression. The infidel—by which term we mean one who denies the divine origin of Christianity—seeks to save himself from the burdening consciousness of an offended law, by various methods, all of which center in the endeavor to destroy accountability to a higher authority than himself. He will not have God reign over him; hence denies all amenability to him.

The natural product of this seed germ of rebellion—the same rebellion which first made devils—is the most intense and indestructible self-exaltation. All the records of the great leaders of infidelity, not only of the past, but of modern time, furnish evidence of this.

Theodore Parker was the chief of these later apostles of self-admiration. He believed in himself; in his right to make law for his soul; in his ability to recognize all necessary revelation of the will of God to man; and in his power to save himself, independent of any mediator. Yet in his dying moments he was conscious that his life was not a success.

"I had great powers committed to me, and I have but half used them," were his parting words to the world. In proselyting disciples, his "great powers" have been exercised at least to great advantage to himself and his doctrines. Many are the "unstable souls," especially young men, whom he has beguiled into his ranks. Their government now rests upon his shoulders! His works do follow him. But who, of all his admiring followers, would dare to have died for him?

But let us turn the "great powers" of this famed iconoclast into the open light of examination. The sign of the article signified must be peculiar to itself. The sign of greatness is originality, invention, with an accompanying power to accomplish great results. This All critics accord to Homer; and therefore he is immortalized as the greatest poet who ever wrote. He invented first and most. His inventions were rarest and best. Nero was endowed with a great genius for tyranny. He could invent and execute more forms of perfectly-surpassing torture than any other. Hence, he is called by historians the great tyrant. For the reason that Howard

invented new systems of prison discipline and new conduct of prison life generally, he is styled the great philanthropist. And thus through all the several divisions and subdivisions of greatness, we find that men and women are recorded great by posterity, however they may have been regarded by their cotemporaries, in proportion as they have displayed a genius for invention in superior execution.

Theodore Parker was not an original thinker. His style was peculiar to himself, and so many were disposed to accord him originality. We have but to turn to the pages of the old heathen philosophers, and to those of later skeptics, such as Bolingbroke, Tindal, Morgan, Shaftesbury, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and many others, to find the same sullen, bitter growl, the same polished sarcasm, or jeering exultation, all aimed at one central target—the right of God to govern man in his appointed way.

Because he had new names to scoff, and new principles to combat in relations with his day and generation, superficial souls, but imperfectly acquainted with the old "furniture of war," in use in the armory of skeptics of all ages, admired and said, "Truly a great man and wonderful is this!"

Theodore Parker lived not in a dark age, like Socrates, who advocated idolatrous practices; like Seneca, who tolerated intemperance and self-murder, or Lycurgus, who taught the skill of cunning theft. Learned in all the wisdom of the schools of this enlightened century, he stood out in the full light of the truth, with the records of inspiration before him, in the day when many a man said unto his neighbor, "Know ye the Lord?" and boldly avowed his unbelief.

"There is no man among the Christians," we heard a Jewish rabbi declare in his synagogue a few years since, "who so nearly approaches the truth in his doctrines as Theodore Parker." But was this unbelief, this rejection of the Messiah, new and original, and therefore an evidence of greatness?

"Theodore Parker was a great writer," say his friends. He had an apt gift at oddity in writing Parkerisms. He could take the same old strain of, "We will not have this man to rule over us"—the yet older thought—"Ye shall not surely die. In the day ye eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil," and make it over into a genuine Parkerism, which men read, marveled at and often admired, because it echoed their own rebellion of soul.

These same characteristics stamp the productions of all infidels, whether Jew or Gentile, with insubordination to the authority of God, and accountability alone to themselves.

"I have only to consult myself," says Rousseau, "concerning what I ought to do. All that I *feel* to be right is right. Whatever I *feel* to be wrong is wrong. All the morality of our actions lies in the judgment we ourselves form of them." Volney wrote a book entitled the "Law of Nature," in which he endeavored to show that all virtue and vice is amenable to our own judgment, as formed by nature. Says Hume, "While the Deity is represented as infinitely superior to mankind, this belief, though altogether just, is apt, when joined with superstitious terrors, to sink the human mind into the lowest submission and abasement." He thinks we are more at ease in our addresses to "the gods," who are little superior to mankind, and were, many of them, advanced from that inferior rank. All this, when thoroughly sifted, leaves only an acknowledgment that there is a God whom he is compelled to believe as infinitely superior, but whom he can not worship in the pride of his self-exaltation; while it is much more comfortable to pay tribute to creations of the imagination of the most perverted description. Lord Bolingbroke says in his "Posthumous Works," "We love ourselves, we love our families, we love the particular societies to which we belong; and our benevolence extends at last to the whole race of mankind. Like so many different vortices, the center of all is self-love." Again he says, "Virtue is only the love of ourselves."

It is superfluous to multiply examples to prove that such is the standard of all infidels. The books of Theodore Parker abound with covert or open attacks upon all authority but himself. This is the essential trait of the literature of modern "Rationalists"—this love of self. This Boston coterie frame social, political, and religious laws for themselves, and, like a society of united monopolists, pronounce all the rest of mankind outside of the spectacle of the "hub of the axle of the world," as barbarians or fools. Nobody can eat as they can. Nobody can drink as they can. Nobody can speak, write, or worship God as they can. Nobody can die as they can—and all this because they are to the *manner* born. They are born perfect specimens of human nature, and hence they turn out perfect specimens of the breed, ready made to sit in judgment on the rest of the world, which unfortunately is beyond the scent of salt-water districts.

We can scarcely imagine the happiness resultant from such a state of society, wherein every man in particular so loves himself! We suppose that every skin of them will become so inflated as to eventually turn out balloons, without any assistance from gas, and that they will soon vanish out of sight of the groveling barbarians.

Theodore Parker is supposed to have sympathized with the people in the assumption and preservation of their highest rights. He is said to have been a model neighbor and citizen. Inasmuch as he gave a cup of cold water to any fellow-disciple, he was obliged to do it in the name of the Lord, and not in the name of ancient or modern infidelity. Of this he could not have been unconscious, for he desired to be read over his grave the first eleven verses of the sermon on the mount! Why did he not substitute words from Plato, on the Immortality of the Soul, or from Cicero's dream of the future state? Why does this man, who, during his life, labored so bravely to pull down all faith in Christ, higher than that faith which is due to all good men, have recourse to his blessings to descend upon his earthly remains? Was this not a tacit acknowledgment of the need—the indestructible need, in every human soul—of the blessing of a higher Power to aid in taking "the fearful leap" into that world beyond the grave?

It is to be inferred that Theodore Parker had not much external respect for the literature of the Bible generally; and however much he might admire the beatitudes, it was strangely inconsistent that he should select this or any portion from a book whose revelations he has labored so strenuously to bring into disrepute. But from the power of the holy Scriptures he could not escape. Their purity, exaltation, and sweetness of all Christian virtues he must acknowledge in this act of a single selection for his burial service. A man who had acquainted himself with such varieties of literature, who had separated himself and intermeddled with all wisdom, could not fail of perceiving something of the wonderful influence of this most wonderful book. All men, even though they have brought an evil heart of unbelief to the investigation, at some time have felt and acknowledged that never were words like those of holy inspiration—that never man spoke like the Son of God.

Rousseau, who was unsparing of ridicule and unrelenting in image-breaking, thus confesses: "Peruse the works of our philosophers; with all their pomp of diction, how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scripture! Is it possible that a book so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred Personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the air of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind! What sub-

tilty! What truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and die, without weakness, and without ostentation?"

"The Gospel," observes Bolingbroke, "is in all cases one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, of benevolence, and of universal charity."

Paine admits that Jesus Christ was "a virtuous and amiable man. The morality he preached and practiced was of the most benevolent kind."

"If all Christians were as moral as Theodore Parker, the world would be improved," say his followers.

The *tendency* of his doctrines was to immorality. He who sets aside all fear of the judgment of God, and will not be guided by his revelation only so far as coincides with his own will, is in that broad way which inevitably ends in destruction. If such a man happens to have bad passions, he is sure to follow their inclinations. Virtue and uprightness become a mere matter of taste or accident. Theodore Parker was a good man morally, because, as one of the integrals of society, he could as a good man better fill his place, and more thoroughly influence his observers. The law of nature, or in other words the untrammelled dictates of his own soul, bade him be upright. The law of God and conscience, he would fain persuade the people, had nothing to do with it.

The fruits of infidelity in all ages are familiar to every reader of history. Aristippus, and other heathen philosophers, openly advocated the most monstrous iniquities, which even Voltaire admits were very extraordinary means to make men better. The lives of the celebrated infidels of France are too notorious to admit of detail. Rousseau unblushingly boasts of his grossest immoralities in his "Confessions."

Paine was guilty of profanity and intemperance. Woolston was "a gross blasphemer." Godwin favored immorality in his writings, while he was himself immoral. Hume calls self-denial "a monkish virtue." Herbert and Bolingbroke apologized for vice. The lives of Tindal, Rochester, and Wharton were infamous. But the dark catalogue needs not to be extended.

Turn we to another chapter of history wherein are the lives of the true followers of Jesus. Their deeds of self-sacrifice for the good of others were such as nothing but the purest religion could inspire. It is this blessed Gospel of Christ which has been the leaven to uphold and fructify the earth. By its elevating and purifying influence, what glorious results in the moral and religious world have been accomplished! Men

have become strong in the Lord even to the most torturing death. Women, naturally weak and timid, have taken the Bible in their hands, and forsaking all that was dear to them on earth, gone forth to the remotest nations of the world, where, amid all varieties of sorrow and suffering, they have sown the truth which alone can reform and save.

The Holy Spirit has gone over the peoples of Christendom, and gathered many souls, some of whom were deep in transgression, into the narrow paths of a new life of self-denial and fear of offending God. "These men are full of new wine," have cried the unbelieving, as they observed this wonderful phenomenon. But are not good morals, good neighborhood, and good government, oftener the result of revivals of religion, than revivals of the "age of reason?" Where are lives, liberty, and property the best secured—in those lands of revivals of religion, or on the arenas of the works of infidels? The history of France, that great theater of infidelity, is the best solution of this problem.

"Was every individual a Gospel Christian," said Origen to Celsus, "there would be neither internal injustice nor external war."

The sins of nominal Christians are attributable to the absence of the power of the Gospel. Their virtue, like their hope, is as "the spider's web." But the sins of infidels are not to be referred to the need of more and stronger infidelity. It is demonstrable that the more entirely a man is without the fear of God—by which I mean the fear of breaking his pure and holy law as revealed in his word—the more opposite to all good morals is his life. There have been and still are moral and benevolent men who would improve their fellow-beings, and who yet deny the inspiration of the Scriptures. But their code of morality they are obliged to found on the ten commandments, and the words of Him who came not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfill. They wish to escape responsibility to that or any other law save themselves. Too proud in heart are these to acknowledge that any has walked the earth before them, with the wisdom and the power of God superior and of a different nature than that within the reach of every rational soul.

But thanks be to God and the order of his absolute government, no man is able to cast off all fear of this law. How many who have labored long to convince the world that they were only dependent on "human nature," have finally confessed their need of the rejected aid! But where was it ever known that a true disciple of Christianity resorted for help in his last hours to the principles of infidelity!

One fact in the present history of Americans,

as a religious people, is not to be forgotten. We are not to look only within the acknowledged ranks of unbelief for unbelievers. Infidelity, in its most specious guise, exists in the Christian Church. The instance is not solitary that a popular preacher in the Christian pulpit, makes himself and hearers merry over things which but ill savor of the Gospel which they profess to preach. Aiming to startle, electrify, amuse and please the whole world, of which they are unconscious of being but a fraction, they are constantly on the alert for strange expedients by which they may accomplish their object. Well divining the inherent popular taste for breaking down all sacred law and order which conflicts with the passions of the natural heart, they manufacture a supply to equal the demand, and with every fresh supply create increased demand.

And so it comes to pass that ribaldry and contempt of many things which are of the truth, accompanied by some excellence and heralded by popular liberality and plain speech, are the common weapons in common use by these new apostles of Christianity. Open coadjutors are they of Theodore Parker's sect, and on all occasions, particularly in mixed assemblies, such as attend lyceum lectures, are bold in polished and subtle aims at the very strongholds whereon they profess to build. Where Theodore Parker won one soul to destruction, these men beguile hundreds.

"Is not this the great Light who lighteth such multitudes of admirers?" says the doubtful and troubled hearer; "how then shall we say that he is not of the truth? This son of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is a choice deliverer of the people, and a goodly. We have but to hear and obey."

We dare, however, to predict that these famous apostles of infidel-christianity will eventually come to the recognition of the world; that it will be seen, while they were nominally preaching Christ and him crucified, they won disciples to themselves and them glorified.

Theodore Parker has gone; but infidelity is yet rife in the land. With the thought permeating our lives, that every Christian has a work to do, let each aspire so to live that in the last hour he may say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day."

So long as mere reason is the only listener, the melody of the cross will be unheard. Charm we never so wisely, men can not hear the music till the ears of the heart are opened.

A NEST OF PIRATES.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

THERE seems a fatality about Africa. From Cape Bon to Cape Agulhas, from Zef to Cape Guardafui, the continent seems Anglo-Saxon proof. It is yet the true bourn whence few travelers return. Wherever the white man settles on its shores, he lingers out a feverish, shortened span of life; and whenever he attempts to strengthen and enlarge his foothold upon the rich but treacherous soil, he does so at the imminent risk of health and existence.

How strange that directly opposite the most anciently-civilized and most modernly-venerated and bevisited shores of Europe there should exist states of which, till within thirty years, we, the possessors of all the enterprise and all the civilization—the inevitable Anglo-Saxons—knew actually nothing! That while the greatest nations of the globe were quarreling and fighting for the possession of the so-called "key" of the Mediterranean, the coast opposite and almost in sight should be the rendezvous of a small, bold, and unscrupulous horde, who hesitated not to laugh at the beards and make prizes of the merchant ships of both the contending parties! That nations which were not only free and stout, but boundlessly wealthy, should for years render tribute in dollars and fears to a band of treacherous Arabs, for whom every treaty was only a new foothold for piratical operations, and to whom promises were only valuable because they could be advantageously broken!

As individual men groan and suffer the stings of vermin too small to wage a successful war upon, so all Christendom, for more than a century—since 1710—suffered the attacks of the Moorish and Arab pirates, who had built their nests so "convenient" to Christian shores and the tracks of Christian vessels. Up to the year 1710 Algeria was a very respectable state, presided over by a Turkish pashaw and loyally paying tribute to the Sublime Porte. In that year the Janizaries rose, expelled the pashaw, substituted a dey, and commenced war upon all mankind.

In 1816 Admiral Lord Exmouth bombarded the city of Algiers, and thereby won to himself great renown, to the Christian trading world a short peace, and for a number of wretched Christian captives a long-coveted liberty. In 1830 the French first landed in Algeria with an army. At the close of 1847 the capture of Abd el Kader, the great chief, completed the French conquest of the territory. Since then Algeria has been a colony of France.

It embraces about six hundred miles of coast,

about 100,000 square miles of territory, and has a native population of over 2,000,000 souls. Geographically it is divided into three parts—the narrow strip of seashore, the high table-land of the Atlas, and the plains beyond, which stretch out toward the great desert, and which are themselves often thought to form part of that sandy waste. The two first-named divisions constitute the agricultural districts. They are known as the *Tell*, and are justly looked upon by the natives as the sources of all their country's prosperity. Even the nomadic Arabs of the Belad-el-jeered, or land of palms—the district stretching toward and partly merging into the Sahara—say, "The Tell is our mother, and he who rules us is our father." The "palm land" comprises extensive pasture grounds and date plantations, and is the home of the wandering tribes, the Arabs. These inhabit also the plains by the seaside. The Kabyles possess the mountain regions; the Moors the cities. The Moors are peaceful, indolent, and agricultural; the Arabs warlike, restless, and pastoral; the Kabyles ferocious, courageous, and, although tilling the soil, less civilized but more energetic than their cousins, the Moors. The one tie which unites these races, so dissimilar in customs and feelings, is a common religion—they are all zealous Mohammedans.

The city of Algiers is the center of the Moorish population. Its crooked, narrow streets, nearly overroofed by the projecting upper stories of the flat-terraced and somber-looking houses; its fountains, marble-paved and surrounded with orange-trees; its high-walled courts; its wooden basket-like carriages; its pannier-laden donkeys; its lively barber-shops, and its silent and splendid bazars, where the Moorish fatalist sits in patient, cross-legged waiting for the customer whose destiny it shall be to purchase his embroideries, slippers, red trousers, purses, *chillahs*, or women's tunics of finest workmanship and most delicate texture, his ottar of roses, extract of jasmine, little pots of colors—blue for the eyebrows, red for the cheeks, and yellow for the nails of the Morisco fair—his coral beads, silk fillets, trimmed with gold, scarfs and girdles of gold and silver, and the other thousand and one articles of greater or lesser value wherewith the predestinated merchant trusts to tempt the predestinated fancy of the passer-by—all these peculiarities bespeak the Moor.

The Moorish style of house architecture is, of course, suited to the necessities of the country. The frequent recurrence of earthquakes—Algiers has experienced fifty-three shocks in the course of a fortnight—obliges the inhabitants to build low, prop up carefully with beams, and even to rely for support upon dwellings opposite.

The warm climate induces that most delightful custom of flat-terraced roofs. The houses are massive square buildings, having a small, low entrance-door, and no windows fronting upon the street. A court-yard, paved with marble, and having in general a cooling fountain and some orange-trees, forms the back of the premises. Upon this the house—in reality opens. The ground floor is appropriated to the slaves. A narrow, winding staircase leads to the first floor—the family floor. Here all the wealth of the possessor is lavished freely upon the furnishing. The ceilings of the rooms are carved wood, gilt; the walls are hung with flags and draperies, and faced with a mosaic work of varnished tiles, containing passages from the Koran; the floors are covered with costly carpets and cushions, and the room is full of gilt or golden ornaments. The flat roof is used as a promenade in the evening, and is far more convenient and pleasant than the narrow, crowded street.

Go down now to the street and you will meet a motley sample of the population. Here is a *Brisca*, or Arab porter, carrying a heavy load upon a long pole. Here follows a Bedouin in his burnoose; a Turk or Moor, with graceful turban and mystic step; a Jew, somber-clothed and cautious; an oil-carrier, bearing upon his head his goat-skin vessels; a long train of provision-mules, brought to a stand by the loud bray of a vexatious donkey. And yonder, a white phantom, just vanishing through a mysterious doorway, is a Morisco lady.

The Moorish woman is ignorant, beautiful sometimes, fat, and sleepy. Weight is the great desideratum. Beauty—everywhere comparative—is valued in Algeria not for quality, but for quantity. Young women are treated like so many Christmas turkeys, and when marriageable—that is to say, when fattened to the last extreme—are disposed of by weight. Of course when the Moorish lady is in proper condition locomotion is attended with some degree of difficulty. And as the Arabs have no idea of carriages, a rude litter, or palanquin, becomes necessary to facilitate shopping operations. Two men bear along the Moorish beauty upon a sort of trestle, while another walks along side, holding over her corpulence a vast umbrella, and keeping off by his sinister frown the too inquisitive gaze of susceptible Franks and pagans.

The dress of the Moorish women is graceful, but complicated—a Morisco lady in full toilet being quite a work of art. The poor wear only a pair of yellow trousers and a chemise of transparent stuff. In addition to this the wealthier wear an open tunic embroidered with precious metals and a long strip of silk, which hangs

about them in graceful folds. The hair is tied up with ribbons, except a portion which is permitted to stray from the small skull-cap, and to wave behind in long and easy curls. A close-fitting bodice beneath the tunic, a handsomely-worked girdle, a bandeau of brilliants worn upon the cap, long ear-pendants, a collar of sequins—this is worn even by the poorest—anklets of gold or silver, and a profusion of finger-rings—these complete the full toilet. Before going out she has her eyebrows painted black or blue—a broad stripe of the same color drawn across the forehead, the inside of the eyelids touched with antimony—which increases the brilliancy of the eyes—the nails colored yellow or red, and finally the hands and feet colored with a black tincture, which gives them a most disagreeable tint. So is she prepared to make captive the hearts of Morisco swains.

Of course the Moorish woman religiously conceals her face when she goes out. On such occasions she throws over her shoulders a floating tunic of some bright-colored stuff, and buries her face and head in a voluminous handkerchief, artfully arranged so that with the slightest motion of her hand she can throw back the jealous cloth and exhibit to the passer-by her smiling face and bright, black eyes.

Moorish women are married very young—nine or ten years being considered the age of eligibility. There is no preliminary courtship. Matches are made altogether by the parents or relatives, assisted by gossips or go-betweens. The young couple see each other for the first time on their wedding-day. Even when the young man takes the matter in hand himself, the preliminaries are farcical. He bribes some professional go-between to examine for him the young woman, the report of whose charms has set his heart to aching. The messenger having received a preliminary bribe from the young man, visits the family of the girl, and, making known his business, is again bribed by the parents or the daughter to make a favorable report; and upon this doubly-purchased result the match is completed. On the wedding-day, the bride having been painted, daubed, burnt-corked, antimonied, hennaed, and generally decorated to the extreme of the style, is marched through the streets with music and lanterns. At the bridegroom's house the women of the two families gather and have a grand—but exclusive—jollification. The men meantime go elsewhere and feast. The festivities are kept up till midnight, when all break up and go home, leaving the bridal pair in peace.

The Moorish women of the better classes spend their time in the most idle amusements—gossiping, bathing, smoking, and dressing. Those of

the poorer classes are obliged to labor, generally as severely as the men themselves. The Moorish men are mild, lazy, and effeminate. The trades they mostly affect are sedentary, and require more ingenuity than strength. Sitting cross-legged in little booths, smoking jasmin-wood pipes, they embroider, plait silk, make slippers and other articles of luxury.

The rich Moor divides his time between his harem and the *café*. The Moorish *café* is one of the few yet existing "institutions" which bring back to recollection vividly the delightful Arabian Nights stories. It is a solid one-storied building, with open verandas, and comfortable lounging-places, surrounded by huge ancient shade-trees, and bearing about its every sleepy nook and corner an air of luxurious ease and comfort, such as none but a fatalist could exist in. Under the trees large mats are spread for the convenience of those who prefer to luxuriate in the open air. Here rich Moors sit whole days cross-legged, or recline lazily against cushions, playing drafts, smoking the narghilly, listening to the interminable stories of some Rami or professional story-teller, or ruminating upon the inevitable decrees of destiny, the mercies of Allah, the greatness of his prophet, and the glories of that prophet's promised paradise.

Opening upon the central court is the shop of the *gahouadji*, or *café*-keeper. This is furnished with divans and mats, whereon, in bad weather, visitors may accommodate themselves and follow the bent of their predestined inclinations. In a recess stands a stove or brazier, whereon a kettle of hot water is kept in a boiling state; near by is the mortar in which the *gahouadji* pounds his browned coffee. Over this hangs a board, whereon are chalked the names of such as are from respectability or friendship entitled to credit at the hands of the dispenser of coffee. An assortment of pipes, a few wooden foot-stools, and a sufficiency of draft-boards complete the simple furnishing of the *café*-room. Besides drafts, cards are used. The great amusement, however, is story-telling; and next to this, among the less austere Moors, is a kind of intoxication called *kif*, and produced by the use of opium, *haschish*, or Indian hemp, or a bean called *bouzaqua*. This last the women also greatly affect.

The *haschish*, or Indian hemp, with whose powers upon the mind we have within a few years been made familiar by the descriptions of Taylor and others, is cultivated by the Moors in their gardens about Algiers, exclusively for the purpose of smoking, or otherwise consuming its stem. The stem is sometimes pounded and mixed with honey and butter, making a comfit which is eaten, to procure pleasant dreams. It is also

used boiled with equal parts of sugar and water. Horses are given haschish leaves on festival occasions to make them spirited. The use of the haschish, in one shape or other, appears to be very general in all parts of the Algerian territory.

A word on the former mode of administering justice in Algiers. The Koran has of course the only code of laws. The mufti is the interpreter of the Koran. The kadi was judge and enforcer of the law's penalties. From his decisions appeals were made to the Dey, who sat all day to hear petitions, and who, in the general manner of Mohammedan petition-hearers, decided on the spur of the moment. In civil processes justice was sometimes excessively blind—the ante-prandial decisions of the kadis, often sentencing both the contending parties to the bastinado as the shortest and perhaps justest way of deciding a knotty point. Criminal cases were promptly and summarily dealt with. For murder, death. For robbery, the robber was mounted upon an ass and had one hand cut off. Conspirators were bow-stringed. Bankrupts, if Christians, shared the same fate; if Jews, they were burned. Tribes and districts were held collectively answerable for crimes committed within their bounds. Debtors, if refusing to pay, were confined, their goods sold, and after one hundred days they were flogged and released. If willing to pay at the end of a suit, the debtor had to pay double. If much injustice was done by this summary mode of dealing with culprits, it is plain that among a rude people the terror of the law would often prove a valuable restraint from vexatious litigation.

Come we now to the Kabyles, the mountaineers, the most remarkable people of that country. These are the aboriginals of Algeria. They are spoken of by the Roman historians, and seem to retain to this day the same leading characteristics which distinguished them then. "They have neither any fear of God nor respect for man," says Procopius, "nor do they pay any regard to their oath. Lastly, they have no peace with any one, save with those who coerce them through fear."

The Kabyles delight in a settled rather than nomadic life. They live in small communities or villages. Their houses are built of rough stones, turf, or mud, and are generally not more than one or two stories high. The people are fairer than the Arabs of the desert. The dress of the men is a rude woollen shirt, falling below the knees, and called a *chelouchah*. The legs are protected by footless stockings, knitted of stout wool, and called *bougherons*. When at work the Kabyle man wears a leather apron.

When he goes out he throws over his shoulders a rough burnoose.

The Kabyle woman enjoys much greater liberty than among any other of the Algerian tribes. She attends the market, makes purchases for her household, goes every-where with her face uncovered, talks, sings, and moves in the company of the men of her household as freely as do the women of Christian nations. It has been supposed that this freedom of the women, so contrary to the rules of all other Mohammedans, is a relic of former Christian influence. In support of this it is mentioned that all Kabyle women have tattooed on their foreheads a *cross*. And, furthermore, although they can not give any account of the origin of this custom, no marabout or priest will marry a Kabyle woman till she has erased this mark; for which purpose an application of lime and black soap is made use of.

The Kabyles never wear hat or shoe. Not even when they enter the Moorish cities do they break through this habit of going about barefooted and bareheaded. The Kabyle is an intensely-industrious man. He scorns idleness as effeminate, and applies himself energetically and constantly to whatever may be his chosen pursuit. As agriculturists the Kabyle tribes are far advanced, cultivating a great variety of grains and fruits. They manufacture, too, their own agricultural implements, arms, gunpowder, carpets, leather for aprons, saddles, frames for weaving, etc. The women wear the *haïeks* or gowns, and *chachias* or white caps which they wear, as also the *burnooses* and *habayas* of the men. The men make tiles and all manner of rude earthenware. They weave table-cloths of the dwarf-palm fiber, make baskets in which to carry loads, and spin cords of goats' hair, and, most singular of all their various branches of industry, they manufacture *counterfeit coin*.

Two tribes in particular have for many years followed this business almost exclusively. The metals used are obtained in part from mines in the country, and partly imported from a distance, the importations being paid for in counterfeit coin at the rate of about twenty-five per cent. of its value, allowing the traders to make again a large per centage. Of course it was never permitted any one to pass the spurious coin within the Kabyle territory. Attempts to do this were mercilessly punished. So greatly did the Kabyle money increase, and so troublesome had it become in all the large towns of Algeria, in 1844, that an Arab emir caused all the Kabyles of tribes known to practice counterfeiting to be arrested, on the same day, in the three markets of Algiers, Constantina, and Bona. About one

hundred men were thus taken, and instantly, without trial, condemned to suffer death, if the tribes to which they belonged did not deliver up their instruments of counterfeiting. To save the lives of their brethren this was unhesitatingly done. But little time elapsed, however, before the process of providing a false currency was again in lively operation. To this day a Kabyle taken in the act of passing false coin is put to death without ceremony or loss of time. No amount of money can save him.

The Kabyle, though not easily roused to anger, is the most ferocious of mortals when once his rage gets the upperhand. He is punctilious in the observance of customary acts of politeness; but equally punctilious in demanding their acknowledgment. And revenge is to him a sacred obligation.

It is customary to kiss the head and the hand of a chief or old man as a salutation. But whatever be the age or rank of the person, he is bound instantly to return the salute. Si-Said-Abbas, a marabout of the Beni-Haffif, was one day in the market of the Beni-Ourtilan. A Kabyle called Ben-Zeddám approached and kissed his hand; but the marabout, no doubt not thinking about it, did not return the salutation. "By the sins of my wife," said Ben-Zeddám, who placed himself in front of Si-Said with his gun in his hand, "thou shalt instantly return me what I gave thee, or thou art a dead man." And the marabout performed the act.

A man of the tribe of the Beni-Yala met, at the market of Guenzate, another Kabyle, who owed him a *barra*. He reclaimed his debt. "I will not give thee thy *barra*," replied the debtor. "And why?" "I do not know." "If thou hast no money, I will wait still." "I have some—but it's a kind of whim which has taken hold of me not to pay thee." At these words the creditor, quite furious, seized the other by his burnoose and threw him on the ground. The neighbors joined in the struggle. Two parties were soon formed, and they had recourse to arms. From 1 o'clock till 7 in the evening it was impossible to separate the combatants; forty-five men were killed, and all for less than one cent! This quarrel happened in 1843; but the war which was kindled through it is not yet extinguished. The town has since been divided into two hostile quarters, and the houses which stood on the frontier are now deserted.

When a man has been assassinated and leaves a widow and child, this child is religiously trained up to revenge its father's death. If a son, when grown to man's estate, the mother hands him a gun, tells him the assassin's name and tribe, and says, "Go, revenge your father; return not till it

is done." If the child is a daughter, the mother proclaims publicly that he who desires to wed her need not pay the customary price—the Kabyle *buys* his wife—but must take upon himself the sacred obligation of revenge. Thus an assassin is almost sure to pay the penalty of life for his deed.

When a marriage is celebrated among the Kabyles, the relations or friends of the bridegroom shoot at a target. The mark is generally an egg, a pepper-corn, or a flat stone. This custom causes a great deal of gayety, for those who miss the mark are subject to much joking. When a Kabyle wants to marry, he informs one of his friends, who seeks the father of the girl of his choice, and makes known the desire. They fix the marriage-portion which will be paid by the husband; for he literally buys his wife, and a great number of girls is considered to constitute the wealth of the house. These portions amount to upward of a hundred douros—\$125. It sometimes happens that the future husband does not possess the entire sum; he is then granted a month or two to collect it, and during that time he may visit the house of his future wife. When he has succeeded, he leads her, as his *fiancée*, first through the village, armed with a yatagan, a gun, and a pair of pistols; after which he takes her under his own roof. This ceremony is performed with great pomp. Each village has its band, composed of two kinds of Turkish clarionets and drums; and these musicians figure in the nuptial cortege. They sing as they go, and the women and children make the air resound with their joyous cries, "You! you! you!" They fire a number of guns; and the young people of the village, all or a part of them, according to the wealth of the husband, are invited to a great repast.

With all their ferocity the Kabyles are the most truly hospitable and the most charitable of all the Algerian tribes. The institutions called *zouatas*, which unite in themselves the qualities of free schools, free auberges, and public dispensers of charities to the needy, are peculiar to the people. Every *zaouia* is composed of a mosque; a dome—*koubba*—which covers the tomb of the marabout whose name it bears; of a place where they read the Koran; of a second, reserved for the study of sciences; a third, serving as a primary school for children; of a habitation destined for the pupils and *tolbas*, who come to perform or perfect their studies; also of another dwelling in which they receive beggars and strangers; and sometimes there is a cemetery at hand, designed for pious persons who may have solicited permission to lie near the marabout. Every man, rich or poor, known or

unknown in the country, who presents himself at the door of any zaouia, is received and provided for during three days. No one can be refused; no example of any refusal of this kind is on record. The people of the zaouia, strangely enough, never take their meals, either morning or evening, without being first assured that their guests have had all their wants satisfied. The principle of hospitality extends even to such childish lengths, that if a horse or mule has wandered, and arrives by chance without conductor, it is always received, installed, and fed, till the owner reclaims it.

Another peculiar custom is the *anaya*—a protection or safeguard which every, even the meanest, Kabyle has the power to extend to a friend, and which is *never* broken, and thus proves the safest of safe conducts from tribe to tribe. A protection so powerful is granted, however, but very reluctantly. They limit it to their friends; they accord it once only to the fugitive; they regard it as a counterfeit if it has been sold, and they punish with death the usurped declaration.

In order to avoid this last fraud, and at the same time to prevent all involuntary infraction, the *anaya* manifests itself generally by an ostensible sign. The man who confers it delivers as a proof of his support any object that is well known as having belonged to him, such as his gun or his stick; he often sends one of his servants, and he himself will not unfrequently escort his protégé, if he has any particular motives for suspecting that the latter will be annoyed. A Kabyle has nothing more at heart than the inviolability of his *anaya*; not only does he attach to it his own individual point of honor, but that of his parents, his friends, his village, his entire tribe, answer also morally for it. A man who would not find a second to aid him to take vengeance for a personal injury, could raise all his compatriots, if there were a question about his *anaya* not being recognized.

The friend of a Kabyle once presented himself at his dwelling to ask for the *anaya*. In the absence of the master, the woman, rather embarrassed, gave to the fugitive a dog very well known in the country, and the man started with this token of safety. But the dog soon returned alone, and covered with blood. The *zouaoua* was greatly troubled; the people of the village assembled, they followed traces of the animal, and discovered the dead body of the traveler. War was declared with the tribe in whose territory the crime was committed; much blood was shed; and the village compromised in this quarrel still bears the characteristic name of village of the dog. The *anaya* attaches itself also to a

more general order of ideas. An individual who is either weak or persecuted, or under the stroke of some pressing danger, invokes the protection of the first Kabyle he meets. He does not know him, nor is he known himself—he has met his protector by chance; but this is of no consequence, for his prayer will be rarely rejected. The mountaineer, delighted to exercise his patronage, willingly grants this accidental *anaya*. Women invested with the same privilege, and naturally compassionate, seldom refuse to make use of it. They cite the case of a woman who saw the murderer of her own husband about to be butchered by her brothers. The wretched man, struck with many blows, and struggling on the ground, managed to catch hold of her foot, crying out, "I claim thy *anaya*!" Whereupon the widow threw her veil over him, and the avengers let him go.

Such are the people whom the French have conquered but not yet subdued; who, longer than any other tribes of Algeria, maintained their liberty and resisted the encroachments of the stranger; and who, if we may believe recent statements, will never cease troubling the invaders—houseless and homeless though they now be—till the nation become extinct. They are the freemen of the Atlas.

WAITING.

BY LYDIA J. CARPENTER.

I LINGERED long in the gloaming,
But my heart was waiting still
For the lightsome tread of the fairy feet,
And the welcoming words so low and sweet,
That should still my heart's deep yearning.

When the moon's soft rays were gleaming,
I was listening, watching still,
For the girlish laugh with its gleeful ring,
As forth from the shadows she'd gayly spring,
And chide me for idly dreaming.

On the wealth of her golden hair
I knew I should press soft kisses;
And I thought how this moonlight's tender gleam
Would love to flit o'er its golden sheen,
And waken the beautiful there.

Ah! little I thought that the summer winds
Were whispering o'er her grave:
They had sung her requiem, sad and sweet,
They had wooed the violets at her feet,
The flowers she had loved to tend.

Though far away from my childhood's home,
A restless wanderer still,
I can see the spot where my darling lays,
I can wait with patience these weary days,
Till the summons for me shall come.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

[The following philosophical and practical view of our Lord's temptation is from the pen of Dr. Curry. We commend its study to the Christian reader.—Ed.]

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.—Every thing respecting either the person or the history of the Savior is, to the Christian, both interesting and instructive. It is profitable, by frequent and devout meditation, to familiarize ourselves with the facts of that history, for such are the excellences illustrated by them, that while they incite to all kinds and degrees of virtue, familiarity with them can never detract from their dignity. As to our modes of considering this subject, we have suspected that there is a fault in the prevailing forms of thought. The humanity of Christ is confessed in form, but at the same time practically, almost wholly ignored. A celebrated but erratic preacher recently avowed his disbelief of the proper humanity of the Savior, ascribing to him only a physical manhood; and this crude and repulsive heresy excites but little surprise and scarcely calls forth a protest from any quarter—so nearly does it harmonize with the popular thinking. But, in our view of the case, the doctrine of the manhood of Jesus is a most interesting and important element of the Gospel system. It brings him nearer to us, and assures us of his care for us, and of his adaptation to his office-work, as no other form of assurance can do it.

We propose in this paper to consider Christ's temptation, as detailed to us by the evangelists, that we may gather from the subject the lessons of duty it is so well adapted to teach, and that we may be enabled the more adequately to appreciate the greatness of the work of our redemption, as seen in his conflicts with the powers of darkness, and in the fact that in that work the Savior was himself made "perfect through suffering." The views of Christ's work and of his person here presented, are believed to be entirely Scriptural, and also useful in bringing "the world's Redeemer" within the range of our human sympathies.

The early life of Jesus Christ—that is, his whole earthly lifetime previous to his entrance upon his public ministry—at once proves and illustrates his humanity. He there stands before us as a man—a proper, real, and natural human being, evincing his manhood by the same signs that others show, by which we know them to be really men. We have no right to suppose that there was any thing in the appearance or manners of the child and youth in the family of the carpenter of Nazareth, to lead the casual observer to suspect that he differed considera-

bly from other young persons. That he was harmless, obedient, affectionate, and devout, is more than probable—and so in their degree have other children been—and the difference between his perfect and their imperfect goodness might easily escape ordinary observation. Even Joseph, his faithful foster-father, seems to have almost forgotten the strange facts attending the early history of the child, and to have come at length to think of the gentle child and amiable youth and young man as his own son; while his mother's deeper interest in these things, as well as her more spiritual nature, caused her to ponder them in her heart, and often to ask herself, with more than an ordinary mother's solicitude, as she dandled him at her knee, or led him by the hand, or in later years communed with his expanding soul what manner of person he should become.

O what a woman's heart was hers! What a holy faith animated the virgin of Bethlehem! What wonderful fidelity was that of Mary, the wife of Joseph of Nazareth, and the mother of Jesus! The world of mankind owes to her an untold and incalculable debt of gratitude. Originally nearer to us than was her wonderful Son, since, while he of himself "knew no sin," she, like all her kindred of Adam's race, was "shapen in iniquity," yet was she raised by grace to an exalted position in the scheme of the world's redemption, and by the same grace was she made equal to her great responsibility. Rejecting most earnestly the senseless and mischievous dogma of the "Immaculate Conception," lately added to the so-called Catholic faith, and condemning as profane and idolatrous the worship addressed to her, we still claim the highest place among redeemed sinners for her who bore, and nourished, and, to a large degree, educated the Redeemer of mankind. Chosen of God for that high and holy work, she was also endowed by him with all the requisite qualifications for its accomplishment. And though, as is usually the case with those whom God especially honors, hers was a lot of peculiar trials from the day of the angel's salutation to that on which the sword entered her own soul, as she stood near the cross on which her Son was suffering, yet did she prove equal to every emergency, and in proportion as she was tested did she evince her wonderful virtues.

Into the hands and to the guardianship and direction of such a mother did infinite Wisdom commit the future Redeemer of a ruined world. That child was to be educated for his great mission. His mind was to be developed and furnished, and his character fashioned by a salutary discipline. Soon was he to

awake to self-consciousness, to receive instruction through the senses, and by his reason to become cognizant of his relations and of the duties and responsibilities imposed by them. Education is largely affected by the circumstances among which its subject is placed—or rather, these themselves become effective educators of the susceptible souls that move among them. But even these things, in his case, were not left to the disposition of accidents. Divine Providence prepared the school in which the appointed Restorer of mankind was to be instructed, and arranged all its conditions for the furtherance of that infinitely-important design. In the process of his education Jesus necessarily encountered temptations. These arise and beset us in the ordinary course of things—in childhood, in youth, and especially at the period of opening manhood, when the buoyant soul looks out upon the untried world and feels itself strangely impelled to mingle in its turmoils and dangers. So Jesus, in all the varying stages of life, was tempted in all points like unto us.

At this point we will pause to inquire and fix in our minds more precisely the proper notion of temptation. There is danger that, while entertaining some idea of what the word means, our conceptions of it may be shadowy and indistinct. Were we called to define it in precise terms we would say that *temptation is any incitement by which one may be led to sin*. This definition allows a very wide range to this dreadful influence. Whatever acts upon men's minds while in the process of education—which in some degree extends over the whole lifetime—inciting them to action, may become the occasion of misdirection or excess; and in these are the first forms of wrong-doing detected. All the affairs of life are thus, in a modified form, agents or occasions of temptation; and because these are ordered by Providence, temptations are sometimes ascribed to God himself. But beyond these a direct diabolical agency is fully recognized in Scripture, and "the tempter" is brought before us as a veritable personality, operating upon men's minds and inclining them to sin. In this there is an obvious and steady implication of the power of pure spiritual natures to act upon each other without the intervention of the senses; and the facts of the case make it evident that the point of collision at which spirit impresses spirit lies outside of the range of the consciousness. Hence, sensible manifestations are not the usual accompaniments of diabolical temptations, nor do they when detected in the mind appear as if injected from without, but rather as the spontaneous suggestions of the soul itself. We are tempted when we are "drawn away by our own lusts and enticed," because by means of these the adversary seeks to lead us into sin. It is not necessary to determine the question whether or not there was any outward manifestation of the tempter to the Savior at the time of the temptation in the wilderness, and on the temple. The greatness of the occasion might seem to justify the presumption that there was, while the apparently-studied care with which the conditions of Christ's temptations were conformed to those suffered by his brethren, renders it more probable that the whole process was internal, and to the consciousness subjective.

Transgressions are of two kinds, so widely different in their conditions as to require to be clearly distinguished. The first arises from the indulgence of positively-wicked desires, passions, and impulses. That all depraved and fallen ones should be thus tempted may be expected, and with mankind it is matter of a sad and universal experience. All men feel the uprisings of impure lusts, unholy passions, and vicious propensities; and of these the adversary takes hold to incite us to sin against God. But as this supposes a corrupt state of the heart, we must conclude that Jesus—at least in his own personal relations—was not so tempted. Nor can any unfallen soul be so tempted; and it is plain that Adam's first offense was not the indulgence of a vicious passion, but the preference of a lower to a higher virtue. The second class consists in the gratification of desires, good in themselves, or at least indifferent, without due regard to the better claims of more authoritative and incompatible duties. A just subordination of our hearts' impulses is the great practical end of self-discipline; its complete and habitual attainment is the perfection of the human character. In every case the highest and most sacred obligation is the only duty for that case; and then the indulgence of any impulse aside from that first duty, however good in itself, is a sin. Now, it is manifestly possible that a pure and holy nature, with a limited range of perceptions and with habits of self-direction but partially formed, should, by diabolical impulses and for want of due circumspection, prefer the less to the greater and so fall into sin. Thus Eve wishing to please her taste, and to become wise and great, and Adam drawn by his love for the wife that God had given him, each subordinated their higher duties to love and obey God to these good but inferior desires, and in this was their sin. Evidently only temptations of the latter class could, in the ordinary course of things, affect the soul of that "holy thing" who was by divine authority called "the Son of God"—though some believe that in a mysterious mode, under divine ordination, Jesus as man's Redeemer was subjected to the most direct diabolical assaults, impelling him toward sin as sin; and that he thus became personally conversant with the spiritual conflicts of those for whom he undertook his course of redemptive sufferings.

Each position in life has its peculiar temptations. Every change in our affairs, though necessary or accidental, brings with it new conflicts and dangers; and since our lives are but a succession of changes, our temptations are perpetually varied, and our conflicts terminate only at our lives' end. The important changes that occur in rapid succession in early life bring with them many dangerous incitements, which render that period an eminently-critical one, and make it the decisive term in the moral history of almost every one. He who then overcomes the tempter, and effectually subordinates his impulses to his conscience and the law of God, in doing so gains a victory whose results will suffice to uphold him in all future emergencies; while he who then gives free reins to his lusts will hardly be able to restore the government of the heart to reason and the conscience. At the time at which the story of his temptation

opens, Jesus had just entered upon a new and remarkable stage in his life-history. The work of the Messiah rose before his expectant imagination. The consciousness of his divinity possessed him, and with this new state of his affairs came also a new order of temptations.

A question not altogether unworthy of attention arises at this point respecting the temptations of Christ and their possible results. We are asked, Was it possible that Jesus should yield to them and sin against God? Was he peccable? These two forms of language are not, as they seem to be, identical in meaning; and one may readily answer the latter affirmatively, and yet hesitate as to the former. Liability to sin is a condition of our humanity, and when we ascribe to Jesus a perfect humanity, we necessarily predicate of him *peccability*. That he so understood the matter is manifest, else how could he be tempted? and there can be no virtue in refusing to do that which the tempted one knows he can not do. Jesus most certainly felt his temptations to be not only real but formidable also, and the victory which he obtained in them both evinced and more fully perfected in him the highest style of moral excellence. At the same time it was certain, beyond all possible contingencies, that *he would not sin*. Divine wisdom and power had so arranged these things that there could be no failure in the glorious scheme of redemption. The mission of the Son of God was not an adventure, subject to uncertainties as to its results; nor was it merely a second experimental probation in favor of our race. It was a DECREE; and its execution, according to God's eternal purpose, was sure beyond all peradventures. The Divine prescience, which saw the end from the beginning, in the darkest hour of the Redeemer's conflict, viewed the work of redemption as already accomplished, and contemplated our world as redeemed in him.

Assenting most heartily and without reservation to the ancient and traditional faith of the Church as to the person of Christ, and believing him to be at once and truly "very God and very man," with two whole and complete natures *hypostatically* united, yet not confounded, we follow out these important ground-truths into some of their details. Among these we now notice that in the person of Christ—God incarnate—there was to each nature a proper and perfect consciousness. Of the human consciousness we have the genesis in the history of Jesus—the child, the youth, the man—as given by the holy evangelists. Doubtless self-consciousness dawned in the mind of the Son of Mary as in other infant minds, and he himself became cognizant of his own mental process while growing in "wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Upon this point indeed every thing is plain, and there is no room for either doubt or difference of opinion. His divine consciousness, on the other hand, was eternally perfect, in the second person of the Godhead, nor did the incarnation either obscure or modify it. The only question to be examined relates to the recognition of the divine by the human. When did the divine consciousness first penetrate the thin partition between the natural and the supernatural in the person of Christ, so that Jesus of Nazareth, "the carpenter's son," recognized

himself, by his own intuitions, as "God of God?" Surely there was a time when this was not yet done, nor is there any reason to suppose that it occurred during the period of his childhood. We reject as worse than puerile and denounce as profane the legends of the apocryphal Gospels which, professing to give the private history of Jesus, tell of his working miracles in his play and assuming the prerogatives of Godhead among his youthful associates. The earliest account of any thing unusual about him was on the occasion of his visit to Jerusalem at twelve years old; but the account of that affair comes quite short of proving that then the lad was aware of his own mysterious nature. His conversation with the doctors in the Temple was in the usual form of the discussions had there, especially during the great feasts, when strangers often brought their doubts to be solved by the great masters in Israel. Nor was it unusual for young lads to be found among the inquirers. That a Divine wisdom then inspired him can not be doubted, but it is not equally evident that he recognized it as the outbeaming of indwelling Godhead. His reply to his mother's chiding has an oracular tone, and even now its meaning is uncertain; yet it was suggestive, and as was evidently the case with many prophetic utterances recorded in the Bible, there is cause to suspect that this was not fully comprehended by him who used it.

The account given of Christ's baptism, and the attendant events, seems to mark it as the time when he first became fully assured of his own proper divinity. The time for him to enter upon his public duties had arrived, for "Jesus began to be about thirty years old," at which age, according to the law of Moses, the priests were inducted into their sacred office. John the Baptist had already opened his more than prophetic mission in Judea, and was preaching repentance with such power and boldness as suggested a comparison with the prophet Elijah, and the whole land was moved by his words. The fame of these things at length reached the distant region of Galilee, and in Nazareth the oldest son of the now widowed Mary of Bethlehem felt in himself an impulse to seek out that wonderful preacher and to join the repentant throng at his baptisms; for even then his heart sympathized with the penitent, and he loved to be where they were. Approaching the Baptist, who by a divine suggestion identified him as the "Lamb of God," he sought and obtained the solemn rite for himself. The events recorded as occurring immediately after the baptism are indeed worthy of the wonderful occasion. "The heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." This was truly a full and glorious manifestation of triune Godhead, and the accompanying declaration pronounced and set forth Jesus as the Messiah. It was the full revelation of the God-man to his own consciousness. This seems to have been the design of the transaction. The manifestation, unlike others made afterward, was evidently not only to Jesus, but for his use and information. The opening heavens, the descending Spirit, and the confessing and approving

voice were all to him and for him. Then he fully apprehended his own character; and with that discovery came also a sense of the great work that lay before him. A new scene opened to his interior vision with which he saw himself to be most intimately related. A ruined world waited for redemption, to which great work the Father had sent him forth, and was now calling him to proceed to its accomplishment.

The sacred narrative of the temptation opens at this point: "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." We accept this statement as sufficiently full and explicit, not caring to determine whether the Spirit's impulses by which Jesus was led up into the wilderness appeared to him objectively or subjectively—as from another or as by spontaneous suggestions. Either view of the case will answer all the necessary conditions, and while we incline to the latter we make no objection to the former. Similar reflections and remarks will also apply to the form of the temptations; for while some suppose that they were addressed to Jesus, as coming from another person, others—with whose views we sympathize—prefer to think of them as first showing themselves in the form of intuitive suggestions, though really of diabolical origin. There is something agreeable in the thought of the now self-recognized Messiah turning away from all human companionship, and impelled by a spiritual influence, going away into the solitudes of the wilderness to pray and meditate and prepare for his great life-mission. The same light by which he recognized his own divinity and saw his Messianic character, also disclosed to him the real nature of the Messianic kingdom—differing very widely from that anticipated by even the most enlightened and spiritual of the Jews—a misapprehension which not unlikely he had himself shared. He now saw in a new and heavenly light the kingdom that God would establish in the world and his own relations to it as the anointed head of that kingdom. Oppressed by these great thoughts he sought for solitude in which to commune with the Father; and like Moses and Elijah—two of his great antitypes—he fasted forty days, revolving meanwhile the mighty themes of redemption, while buffeted continually by the ever-present adversary.

We have spoken of temptation as a fact arising naturally out of our condition and the relations of our surroundings to our mental and moral constitution: of their use and practical design we will now speak briefly. Though always to be shunned when that is compatible with duty, yet are they oftentimes God's means for the accomplishment of the highest ends in those who are exercised by them. The temptations which Jesus endured may be said—without denying to them also a proper mediatorial character—to have been needful for him, in order to the just development and symmetrical ordering of his own character. No human virtue is perfected till it has been tempered in the fires of temptations, and he only is fully prepared to contend with and to overcome sin in the world, who has already passed through the conflict and obtained the victory at the door of his own heart. To be tempted and to successfully resist is more than a present victory—it is

a perpetual and enduring triumph. The same temptation seldom returns again if once fairly overcome; and he who has met the enemy at the citadel and foiled him in his fiercest onsets, is then, and not sooner, prepared to meet and vanquish him in the open field of the world. So was Jesus fitted for his great work. In the various temptations of common life his character had already taken shape and expression in the perfection of human virtue. In him, therefore, the Father, in whose favor he had increased during all his previous history, was now "well pleased." In all the common virtues of manhood he needed no further tests nor increase. But his new position as Messiah, and his character as God-man presented new temptations, and relative to them he needed a more completely-perfected virtue. It will be seen, too, that all these later temptations implied Christ's own recognition of his Messiahship; and by reason of his perfect victory over these was he prepared for the prosecution of his mediatorial work.

The three temptations specified by the evangelists were all incitements to a misuse of his divine power by Jesus, and were thus adapted to his condition, both as a sinless soul and as the self-recognized Son of God. Their method also indicates "device" and "subtlety" in the tempter, since they meet their object in a kind of emergency, and—at least the first two—incite to actions not in themselves wrong, and also apparently called for. The last one comes nearer to a direct solicitation to sin, though probably it was not so presented to the mind of the tempted one. An examination of these several temptations in detail will best illustrate their real character.

The *first* was an impulse to use his divine power to provide the means of satisfying his hunger. He had now fasted forty days and felt the cravings of his long unsatisfied appetite, the means to satisfy which could not be attained in that wilderness except by a miracle. The prophet Elijah in similar circumstances had been miraculously supplied—might not he "command these stones that they be made bread?" So we may now ask, still doubting as to why the thing is presented as sinful. But the question is not a very difficult one. His divine power was given for a higher and nobler purpose than to serve any merely natural designs. He would work no miracle to accomplish that which might be effected by ordinary means. He also had need to teach himself, by a victory over his merely natural impulses, that ministering to these is the least part of duty. "Bread"—the type of all we call property—is good and necessary in its degree, but in an infinitely less degree than the more valuable property offered to us in the word of God. Incarnate Godhead, sent forth to redeem a ruined world, had better business upon which to employ his omnipotence than the making of bread. Let natural means minister to natural ends, while supernatural and heavenly ones go out to meet the wants of the soul. Happy would it be if all who would be the followers of the Savior could realize for themselves that it is a desecration to bow down a heaven-born spirit to the poor drudgery of making bread—that is, galling this world's perishable stores.

The *second* was a suggestion to test his divine power

by precipitating himself from "the pinnacle of the temple" into the vast rocky chasm of several hundred feet deep, relying on the divine interposition to save him from injury, as seemed to be promised in one of the Messianic prophecies. But the perversion of the cited passage by the tempter is obvious, and this Jesus at once saw and opposed to it a cautionary precept of universal application. Humbly to trust the divine Providence at all times is a dictate of piety; but to "tempt God," by incurring unnecessary danger, implies neither humility nor piety. The Savior of men felt and confessed that his divine power was not given him to be *played with*, and that though vested with omnipotence he was still "the servant of God."

The *third* temptation assumes a deeper significance than either of the others, as it related directly to the establishment of the Messianic kingdom—the great work upon which Jesus was now about to enter. Shall that kingdom be an outward and earthly one, or one purely spiritual? The former was the notion universally entertained by the Israelitish people. To that view of the case had Jesus himself been educated, and probably the influences of these early predilections still affected him. To abandon it would disappoint the cherished hopes of Israel, expose himself to opposition, and apparently endanger the whole design. Should he now set up the standard of the promised seed of David upon the mountains of Israel and proclaim himself the expected restorer of the kingdom, all Judea and Galilee would leap responsive to his call, and the thousands of dispersed Israelites would come, bringing their tribute from every nation. Over against the slow and painful development of a purely-spiritual kingdom was imaged the glory of an earthly monarchy more powerful than that of David and more affluent than Solomon's. The language of prophecy, as interpreted by the age, described Messiah's kingdom as such a one, and it is not wonderful that for the moment the suggestion of the tempter was considered by the Redeemer. It was *considered*, but not *entertained*, much less *assented to*.

And if we may without impiety entertain the thought, and in fancy contemplate Jesus only in his humanity, entering the lists of earth's mighty ones, and assuming for himself the name and place of an earthly prince and conqueror, do we not find in him all the elements of greatness in such large propor-

tions and harmonious development, that, compared with him and the career he would have made, the mighty names of history would fade and pale as the stars before the rising sun? Read the seventy-second Psalm, and understand it as the image of an earthly prince and kingdom—and so it was understood by the Jews—and see in it that to which the tempter now solicited the Messiah. Add to this the motives of a devout human patriotism, which beyond a question Jesus possessed in a large measure. He saw his loved countrymen, the seed of Jacob, enslaved and dominated over by the heathen—a sight to move the spirit in him, and to incite him, like Moses when he slew the Egyptian, to undertake their deliverance. The land of Palestine, given to Abraham by covenant, conquered by his own illustrious antitype, Joshua, and hallowed by the residence of untold generations of God-chosen ones, lay helpless before him imploring deliverance, while "all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory thereof," rose before his mind as ready to fall willingly under his authority. Was ever such a temptation offered to any other than Jesus the Christ? or offered to any other, would it have been rejected?

But quite another purpose controlled the mind of the tempted Jesus. All this he knew was "of the earth, earthy." It all lay within the dominions of the "God of this world," to whom worship must be rendered as a condition of the proposed conquest and possession. *And that might not be.* God alone may be worshiped and served; and however alluring the price offered for any other service it must be rejected, and the whole soul consecrated to God alone. In so deciding at that fearful hour Jesus achieved a great victory, triumphing against the adversary, and fixing his own heart immovably in God. From the comparatively low level of human virtues he rose into the sphere of the heavenly, elevating his soul to the godlike and adapting his humanity to its divine association. Well might the tempter then depart from him. Nor is it strange that the divinity suffused his whole soul, so that "he returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee," and so preached the Gospel that "there went out a fame of him through all the region round about." This was the great moral victory of the Anointed of the Lord over the power of the adversary, upon which, as upon a pivot, turned the wonderful scheme of redemption.

Notes and Queries.

WAS PHARAOH DESTROYED IN THE RED SEA?—In our July issue some of the reasons for an affirmative answer to this question were given. We cheerfully give place to the following from Professor Mudge presenting the opposite view. We do not, however, find in it enough to convince us of any error in the views expressed before. We are willing our readers should see both sides. The Professor says:

I have just read, with interest, your answer to this question. It is the common, and, it may be, the true one. But the Bible is not so decided upon this point as our painters

and poets are. The strong poetic language of Psalm cvi, 11, cxxxvi, 15, may possibly teach this fact; Moses is not so clear. It is worth a moment's consideration.

Up to the time that the King of Egypt stands by the sea it is Pharaoh—Pharaoh everywhere. And so the fourteenth of Exodus commences. In verse 3, it is Pharaoh who is to say they are entangled in the land. In verse 4, it is Pharaoh's heart which is to be hardened that he may follow. In verse 5, it is told the King of Egypt that the people fled; and it is the heart of Pharaoh and of his servants that is turned against the people. In verse 6, he made ready his chariot, and in verse 7, he took six hundred chosen chariots, and in verse 8, the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh and he pur-

sued, and in verse 10, Pharaoh draws nigh to Israel on the sea-shore. But now there is a change of which we had received some intimations in verses 4 and 9. We hear no more of Pharaoh personally in this, or in the song, in the next chapter, only that God would get him honor upon Pharaoh, as he certainly did, whether Pharaoh was drowned, or whether he escaped. Henceforth we hear continually of the host of Pharaoh and of the Egyptians. When Israel enters the sea it is not as in verse 4, I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and he shall follow; but, I will harden the hearts of the Egyptians, and they shall follow—verse 17—and in verse 18, it is the Egyptians that shall know that I am the Lord, and in verses 19 and 20 the angel of the Lord comes between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel. In verse 23 the Egyptians pursue and go in to the midst of the sea, and, verse 24, the Lord troubles the host of the Egyptians, fights—verse 25—against the Egyptians, and, verse 26, the waters come upon the Egyptians, and, verse 27, the Egyptians flee, and the Lord overthrows the Egyptians, and, verse 28, the waters cover the host of Pharaoh, and, verse 30, the Lord saves Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians, and Israel see the Egyptians dead, and see—verse 31—the great work which the Lord does to the Egyptians.

Now, all this difference may be accidental. It looks like design.

Verse 28 is about as strong as that strong passage for the personal destruction of Pharaoh in Psalm cvi, 11. There remained not so much as one of them. But is not that qualified by the expression of the same verse, "That came into the sea after them?" And may it not imply that there were some who, for prudential reasons, did not venture into the waters? It certainly was miraculous if, in a place so narrow as that where it is usually supposed the Israelites crossed the sea, a whole army is so surrounded with water that not a horse or a chariot can escape. It is a rare thing to find a whole army concentrated into a space "now two-thirds of a mile wide in the narrowest part"—Robinson, Vol. I, p. 55—for from the narrowest part there is always opportunity to escape. Beyond question the place where Israel passed the sea "was probably once wider." If it was twice as wide and the army but two-thirds of a mile from front to rear, any one can see that portions of it were but a third of a mile, an easy three minutes' ride, from the shore. It was something more than Robinson supposes, a tide returning under a strong wind, that could thus overwhelm horsemen who had every reason to be on their guard against danger.

Look, before we close, at the song of Moses in the fifteenth chapter. The overthrow of an army is a common thing in the history of our world, but not the death of a king in battle. And would any man of the poetic fire of Moses dwell with burning words on the destruction of a host and the drowning of the chosen captains—verses 1 to 12—and yet say nothing of the death of one who, like Pharaoh, had before been so conspicuous in all the narrative? Or if he mentioned his death, mentioned it so indefinitely as—verses 9, 10—the enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil! Thou didst blow, they sunk as lead!

Not thus does the less poetic Deborah treat the death of the less renowned Sisera. Judges v, 24-31. It would have added greatly to the effect of this song of Moses to have said, not Pharaoh's chariot and his host hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea, but Pharaoh hath he cast into the sea. So let all their enemies perish, O Lord. Let them be as Pharaoh!

True, we hear nothing of Pharaoh afterward, for he was most thoroughly overthrown, or, as the Hebrew reads, shaken off at the Red Sea. Psalm cxxxvi, 15. He might have been drowned. We simply say the Bible is not so clear in reference to this as to authorize us to speak so decidedly as we usually do.

T. H. M.

UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.—I wish to object to the reasons assigned by the author quoted by "H. B." in the July number, for believing that the Almighty created by a direct act the types observed among the races. He speaks of the enlarging of Japeth, the

blessing of Shem, the cursing of Canaan, and the increasing of Ishmael; and after observing that "thus we have four distinct blessings," etc., asks, "How were these blessings, curses, and promises to be fulfilled?" To which he answers, *only by impressing physical changes on the races.* To this conclusion he arrives by a very common but very erroneous interpretation of Scripture. For the best critics and soundest theologians agree in regarding the words of Noah, not as declarative of a design of God as to the condition of the race, but as prophetic of what the children of Noah would, by their own free agency, occasion and bring upon themselves. To show the inadmissibility of such an interpretation—how could God inflict the curse of barbarism on one race—the Ishmaelites—and of servitude on another—the Canaanites—in such a way that they could not possibly escape them, and yet be no respecter of persons, or even just? J. P. L.

CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL'S HANDWRITING.—The text in Galatians vi, 11, has caused great diversity of opinion among the commentators; but the translation should be, "Ye see in what large letters I have written unto you with mine own hand." St. Paul here refers to the capital—uncial—letters in which the best and most ancient manuscripts of the Greek Septuagint and New Testament are written, as distinguished from the small or cursive letters, in which slaves wrote. Thus Cato the Elder wrote histories for his son in large characters. (Plut. Cato the Censor, xx.) The writing in Greek capital letters, as in Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic, which had then no cursive character, indicated a more solemn and dignified manner, and would be more legible to the Gauls than the cursive character, which even now, from its numerous contractions, embarrasses the Greek student. In legal documents of a more solemn character the writing is engrossed (= *en gros*, or large character.)—*Eng. Notes & Queries.*

HENPECKED.—It may be said of the term "henpecked," as it may of many other vernacular expressions, that though it be deemed trivial it is grounded on actual observation, and is true to nature and to fact. The ordinary cock of the farm-yard, however bold and fightful in his bearing toward other barn-door cocks, will sometimes submit to be pecked by his hens without resistance. Reaumur relates how, two hens being shut up with a cock, they both together attacked him, and finally succeeded in killing him. Several cocks were afterward shut up successively with the same two hens, and would have experienced the fate of the first, if not withdrawn in time. "The extraordinary part of this case was, that the cocks were strong and bold, and would easily have governed thirty rebel hens at large, yet, cooped up, did not attempt either to defend themselves, or even to avoid the attacks of the furies, their wives." (Mowbray's Practical Treatise, 1830, p. 93. See also D'Orbigny's Dictionnaire, 1844, iv, 208.) Hence the peculiar import and significance of the term "henpecked." Cf. Swift's "Cudgel'd husband."

"Tom fought with three men, thrice ventur'd his life,
Then went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife."

Eng. Notes & Queries.

Wayside Gleanings.

WHAT WE OWE TO CHRISTIANITY.—The most eminent statesmen have been eloquent in their acknowledgment of our indebtedness to Christianity. Rarely, however, has more beautiful expression been given to this sentiment than by the late eminent Judge, Sir Allen Park, at a public meeting in London:

We live in the midst of blessings till we are insensible of their greatness and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Put Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been? what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us that does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which can not be traced in all its holy, healthful parts of the Gospel.

THE RELIGION OF PAYING DEBTS.—Failures in business and subsequent neglect to pay their honest debts when they have again become able to do so, on the part of those professing to be Christian men, has always been a cause of stumbling to many. And well it may be. We doubt whether the following remarks on the subject, from a religious paper, are one whit too strong:

Men may sophisticate as they please. They can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe can not make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in neglect as clear and deserving of Church discipline as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay or withholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—A laughable story is told of an old miser, who, being at the point of death, resolved to give all his money to a nephew. We will not vouch for its authenticity, though it is another striking illustration of "the ruling passion strong in death:"

"Sam," said he—for that was his nephew's name—"Sam, I am about to leave the world, and to leave you all my money. You will then have two hundred thousand dollars!—only think! Yes, I feel weaker and weaker; I think I shall die in two hours. O yes, Sam, I'm going! give me two per cent. and you may take the money now!"

PRESENTIMENT.—Presentiment, warning us of the future, is one of the most mysterious subjects in our mental history. The following beautiful passage touching upon this occurs in the Life of John Hunt, "the apostle of the grace of God to the Fijians." It relates to a period of partial convalescence, from which he soon relapsed, ending his eventful life amid the scenes of his missionary trials and triumphs:

He looked out on the familiar scenes with a new feeling, not weakening but accompanying the old. His heart yearned as strongly as ever for the success of the work committed to

him; but he had just trodden the dim path which lies along the mysterious confines of the two worlds. The light of the eternal and unchangeable had broken up the shadows of that border-land of darkness and storm, causing him to see things as he never had before; and a still, small voice, which the stooping ear of loving watchers could not catch, had told him that he must die. "I know not how it is," he said, "but something within me tells me that my work is done."

DANCING AND THE CHURCH.—We commend the following extract to Christians, and especially Christian parents, who give countenance to this social vice. It was taken from the Parish Visitor, an excellent little monthly paper issued by the Evangelical Knowledge Society of the Episcopal Church:

The more moral portion of pagan Rome repudiated dancing as disreputable. We have an oration of Cicero, in which he defends Murena, the Consul elect, whom Cato endeavored to restrain from the office, partly on the ground that he had been guilty of indulging in this effeminate amusement. Hear Cicero repel the charge: "Cato calls Murena a dancer. If this reproach be true, it is a weighty accusation; if false, it is an outrageous calumny. Wherefore, Cato, as your authority carries so much influence with it, you ought never to snatch a charge from the mouths of the rabble, and rashly call the Consul of the Roman people a dancer, but to consider how many other vices a man must needs be guilty of before that of dancing can be truly objected to him; for no one ever dances, even in solitude, or in a private meeting of his friends, who is not either drunk or mad. Dancing is always the last act of riotous banquets, gay places, and profane pleasures." With us it may be the first act, instead of the last, in these "places of gayety and of profane pleasures," and it is shocking to hear a Christian apologizing for that which has never yet been separated from the most dangerous associations; for the proof of the demoralizing tendency of balls, whether held in public or private houses, is not to be resisted.

That learned skeptic, Peter Bayle, had the moral perception to discover the merits of so plain a case. "The reformed Churches," he says, "which forbid dancing, can not be sufficiently praised for it. The manner of it—and it does not appear that the indecency of waltzing was then practiced—occasioned a thousand disorders; and in the very room where the ball was held, it made impressions dangerous to virtue."

MY CHILDREN NO LONGER CARE FOR ME.—Many years ago, when a pastor, we were called to visit an old and decrepit man, destitute, lonely, dying. Once he had been a man of property; but when he became infirm had given it to his children, expecting them to provide for him. "Where are your children?" we inquired. With a sorrowful expression the old man replied, "My children no longer care for me." It was even so. The old man died in want—a striking illustration of that story related by Luther, and which we will now repeat for the benefit of our readers, parents and children:

There was once a father who gave up every thing to his children—his house, his fields, and goods—and expected that for this his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, "Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there, where your arm-chair stands, the cradle must come; will you not perhaps go to my brother, who has a large room?"

After he had been some time with the second son, he also

grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him, "Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon-house, and you can not have your noon-day sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's, near the town hall?"

The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself, "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts." But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful, when her father went to Church or any where else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs, and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor.

For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after some time, she too was tired of him, and told him by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with gout, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife, at St. John's, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little

son said to his grandfather, "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth, that there was no better chamber for you, than such a one as father digs." These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sank back in his chair and died.

THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.—The following was written by a brewer's daughter on her father's discharging his coachman for getting in liquor:

Honest William, an easy and good-natured fellow,
Would a little too often get a little too mellow;
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer,
No better e'er sat on a box, to be sure;
His coach he kept clean—no mother or nurses
Took more care of their babes than he took of his horses;
He had these, ay, and fifty good qualities more,
But the business of tipping could ne'er be got o'er;
So his master effectually mended the matter
By hiring a man who drank nothing—but water.
Now, William, says he, you see the plain case,
Had you drank as he does, you'd have kept a good place.
Drink water! quoth William—had all men done so
You ne'er would have wanted a coachman, I trow;
For 'tis soakers like me, whom you load with reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

Domestic Economy.

FEMALE DELICACY.—Above all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of—which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark. This spurious kind of delicacy is far removed from good sense; but the high-minded delicacy maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among women and the society of men; which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with a seriousness and kindness, of things on which it would be ashamed to smile or blush; that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another; which can give alms without assumption, and pains not the most susceptible being in creation. Such a spirit may be cultivated; and it should be made a part of education to instill into every young mind ideas of delicacy without fear and without reproach.

SANITARY LAWS AS REGARDS CHILDREN.—We have often noticed with pain the loss of life which has resulted from the neglect of the most simple sanitary laws; it is through want of this knowledge that numerous children are smothered by wrapping them in bedclothes, shawls, etc.; the atmospheric air is kept from them, and they are poisoned by their own breath. Ignorance causes nurses and mothers to swaddle up infants in tight bindings, which prevent the proper action of the heart and lungs, which leave the chest exposed to the weather, and allow young children in the hot sunshine to be exposed to the burning rays. Hundreds of young children, even among people who are well-to-do, are killed annually by improper feeding. Some are fed with animal and vegetable food before the teeth have appeared and the stomach has become sufficiently strong for the reception of such

matters. Others are suckled, long after milk has ceased to be sufficiently nutritious, nay, has become injurious to health. Again, opiates, if they have the effect of producing temporary quietness, surely act injuriously on the constitution. Medical men in large practice among the middle and poorer classes say that, on the night after Christmas day, they do not expect to have much rest in consequence of being called to attend upon children seized with convulsions, in consequence of improper food. If knowledge of these matters were general, parents would surely not risk the lives of their children through mistaken kindness.

CONSUMPTION.—This malady seems, for the present, destined to baffle all attempts to discover a certain cure. The hypophosphites, cod-liver oil, and other supposed specifics, do not seem perceptibly to diminish the havoc wrought by this subtle destroyer. About one-twelfth of our race are stated to die from this disease, notwithstanding all the efforts to check its melancholy march by our regular physicians and their irregular allies. The fact, doubtless, is, that the nature and causes of the malady are by no means uniform, but vary, to an indefinite degree, in different cases. Dr. Cotton, of the Brompton Hospital for consumption in England, recently reports that he has found the iodide of iron act beneficially in a fair number of consumptive cases, especially where the disease is in an early stage. The prevention of consumption is usually possible to medical skill; the cure very seldom. Hence the necessity of carefully watching and guarding against the first symptoms of its approach.

SUMMER SOURS.—Physiological research has fully established the fact that acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing

diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious," that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic to fever is "cooling." It is a common saying that fruits are "cooling," and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood; that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens, and lettuce, and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence also the taste for something sour, for lemonades, on an attack of fever. But this being the case, it is easy to see, that we nullify the good effects of fruits and berries in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk, or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever. Hence also is buttermilk or even common sour milk promotive of health in summer-time. Sweet milk tends to biliousness in sedentary people, sour milk is antagonistic. The Greeks and Turks are passionately fond of sour milk. The shepherds use rennet, and the milk-dealers alum, to make it sour the sooner. Buttermilk acts like watermelons on the system.

BLACKBERRY SHRUB.—Measure your berries and bruise them; then to every gallon add one quart of water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar. Cork tight and let it stand till the following October, and you will have shrub ready for use without any further straining or boiling.

WHEN TO SKIM MILK.—A dairy-woman, in western New York, speaks in this emphatic tone as to the best time: She says that the right time to skim milk is "just as the milk begins to sour in the bottom of the pans. Then the cream is all at the surface, and should at once be removed—with as little of the milk as possible. If allowed to remain till the acid reaches the cream or to become thick, it diminishes the cream and impairs it in quality. That housewife, or dairy-maid, who thinks to obtain a greater quantity by allowing the milk to stand beyond that time, labors under a most egregious mistake. Any one who doubts this, has only to try it to prove the truth of this assertion. Milk should be looked to at least three times a day."

GOOD BUTTER.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer says that the following is one way to make good butter. Skim the milk as soon as it sours, and before it thickens, if possible; stir the cream faithfully, especially when new is added. Set the jar in a cool place; if the cellar is not cold and sweet set it in the spring, or hang it in the well—any way to keep it cool. After the last cream is added before churning, then "go a-visiting" if you please, as cream should not be churned the day it is taken off. At nightfall fill the churn with cold water, and start the churn at early dawn, and my word for it you will soon find a solid mass of golden-colored butter, free from white specks, and when properly salted and packed, fit for the table of our friend the Farmer, or any other. After the buttermilk starts, pour in cold

water a little at a time, turning the crank slowly and carefully back and forth; this prevents the butter from closing too rapidly, does not break the grains, and gives every particle of the cream a chance to form into butter.

COCKROACH RIDDANCE.—The Scientific American says: "Common red wafers, scattered about the haunts of cockroaches, will often drive away, if not destroy them."

These wafers, like candies, are colored red by oxyd of lead, a most deadly poison, and so is the acetate of lead, or sugar of lead, as it is sometimes called, on visiting cards, which being a little sweetish, has been known to destroy young children to whom they were handed, to be amused with. Fashion, for once, acts sensibly in discarding glazed cards, using instead Bristol Board, more pliant, less cumbersome, and really more delicate.

ITEMS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—The following condensation of practical wisdom will be interesting to all housekeepers. It is *multum in parvo*:

As a general rule it is most economical to buy the best articles. The price is, of course, always higher; but good articles spend best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor cheese, lard, etc., to say nothing of the injurious effect upon health.

Of the West India sugar and molasses the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are considered the best. The Havana is seldom clean. White sugar from Brazil is sometimes very good.

Refined sugar usually contains most of the saccharine substance: there is probably more economy in using loaf, crushed, and granulated sugars, than we should first suppose.

Butter that is made in September and October is best for winter use. Lard should be hard and white; and that which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies and hang it in a cool, dry place. If mold appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

The best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

The small white sago, called pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. These articles, and tapioca, ground rice, etc., should be kept covered.

The cracked cocoa is the best; but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper, and laid in a drawer of linen.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.

Salt cod should be kept in a dry place, where the odor of it will not affect the air of the house. Fish-skin for clearing coffee should be washed, dried, cut small, and kept in a box or paper bag.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and should not be used till three months old.

Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using it, as it spends fast when it is new.

Cranberries will keep all winter in a firkin of water, in the cellar.

Potatoes should be put into the cellar as soon as they are dug. Lying exposed to the sun turns them green and makes them watery. Some good housekeepers have sods laid over barrels of potatoes not in immediate use. To prevent them from sprouting in the spring turn them out upon the cellar-bottom.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

JEROME BONAPARTE.—The last of the earlier Bonapartes is just dead. He will hardly be missed, and yet his death recalls old memories and transports us back into the past when his mighty brother stood among the foremost of mankind. Jerome was the weakest of the entire family. He possessed neither the genius of Napoleon, the stern independence of Lucien, the sagacity of Louis, nor the philosophic foresight of Joseph. Jerome Bonaparte was fifteen years younger than Napoleon. He was educated in part by Madame Campan, and entered the navy when his elder brother assumed the Consulship. It was while in the navy, and when cruising in American waters, that he first met Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a young lady noted for her beauty, in a city which is famous for its beautiful women. They were married on Christmas eve, in the year 1803. In 1805 they crossed the Atlantic, but did not enter France, for orders had been given not to admit the lady deemed plebeian by the "plebeian Emperor." Soon after arriving in Europe, their first child, the present Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, was born.

A little later still, under the stress of Napoleon's desire that his relatives should marry into royal families, their marriage contract was annulled, and in 1807 Jerome was married to the Princess Frederica, of Wurtemberg, who died about twenty-five years ago. The Princess Mathilde, the wife of Prince Demidoff, of Russia, and Prince Napoleon, husband of the Princess Clotilde, of Sardinia, are their surviving children.

Jerome became, after his second marriage, successively Admiral of the French navy, Prince of the Empire, King of Westphalia, and exile. He had the honor of leading the first French charge in the battle of Waterloo, and then again became a fugitive. He resided in Austria and Italy, under the title of Count de Montfort—given him by the King of Wurtemberg—till the *coup d'etat* elevated the Third Napoleon to a royal seat, when he again frequented the Tuilleries. During the Presidency he had place and privileges; and under the Empire, till the birth of the Prince Imperial, he was heir-presumptive to the crown. His first wife still resides in Baltimore, and through a life that is now long has remained faithful to her first and only marriage vows, whose annulment she would never acknowledge, while her faithless and weak husband, whether in the Westphalian Court, or the Palais Royal, has forgotten both his first and last, and, dying, bears no nobler title than the last of the family of the Corsican.

FACTS ABOUT SICILY.—Sicily, the largest island in the Mediterranean, is separated from the southern extremity of Italy by the Straits of Messina, and surrounded by several groups of small islands. It is about one hundred and eighty-eight miles in the largest part—that is, from east to west—varies from thirty-one to one hundred and nine miles in width,

is three hundred and forty-four miles round, and 16,375 square miles in superficies. It is divided into seven provinces—Palermo, Messina, Catania, Syracuse, Callanisetta, Gergenti, and Trapani. The first three—the most important in a military point of view—are united by a road which runs along the northern coast to Gergenti, and which will one day be extended round the whole coast of the island; Palermo, the chief town, is the residence of the Governor General of Sicily, and is the seat of the Government, and contains about 175,000 inhabitants. The entire population of the island is about 2,000,000, all Catholics.

RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.—The foreign Secretary of the English General Baptist Missionary Society, Edward B. Underhill, of London, recently delivered a public address in New York, from which we give a condensed report of the results of emancipation in the West Indies. Mr. Underhill has filled this office for twelve years, and has visited the missions in the West Indies. In his address he said that in Jamaica itself there can not be less than 180,000 people under direct religious instruction. In some parts of the island there are not two per cent. of the population that do not attend the Churches.

He admitted there had been some falling off since emancipation, but it was owing to unavoidable causes. Before emancipation the people were under the leadership of illiterate men, and in many instances the missionaries were only allowed to visit the plantations by stealth; now, however, religious instruction is open and above-board, and the people are educated directly under the eye of the missionaries. Some of the people have gone into the mountainous district in search of cheap lands, and there are no means of reaching them. The ministry has also diminished, and there is now a need of religious teachers. Education has greatly advanced since emancipation. Then in one district there were but three or four out of five thousand who could read and write; now there are eighteen hundred. The piety of these persons is sincere, earnest, and devoted. They support their own pastors, and build and repair their own churches, and maintain their own schools. The planting interest has always been antagonistic to their education till very recently. He denied that, politically or materially, emancipation was a failure. The planters of Jamaica complain that they can not get laborers, and say the people are idle and careless, but he could not confirm those allegations for the planters. There is not, taking one thing with another, a more industrious peasantry on earth. The negroes of Jamaica themselves produce all they consume, and a large surplus for exportation. They save money, buy themselves farms, and care for their children; and throughout the interior they give evidences of an approach to a higher civilization. The negroes are

noted for honesty and integrity, and are trusted by capitalists with the management of large properties. They dislike sugar cultivation, because it is less profitable than labor upon their own freeholds. To the people themselves emancipation has been an unmixed good. On the mountains and in the valleys of Jamaica, under the shadow of its mango-trees, may be found a happy people, whose faults came from slavery, and whose virtues come from emancipation.

METHODIST LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.—The Methodist Episcopal Church, without including "the Church South," has now under its supervision twenty-five colleges and seventy-eight academies and seminaries. The amount invested in grounds, buildings, endowments, etc., above indebtedness, reaches the sum of \$4,080,465. These institutions are now educating 21,616 students.

PERSIAN GRADUATES.—Two Persians have recently passed their examinations at the University of Paris and obtained degrees as doctors of medicine. It is said this is the first instance of inhabitants of that country obtaining scientific honors in Europe. At present eighteen Persian students are in the municipal college of Dieppe, and twelve more are studying in Paris with a view to some profession. If "Tommy" should be permitted to fulfill his expressed wish of returning to this country, it has been stated that he will enter one of our educational institutions, thus becoming the first Japanese student ever entered at an occidental college.

BRITISH BOOK TRADE.—We condense the following table from the statistics gathered by Mr. Chambers, of Edinburgh. They exhibit not the number of volumes, but the new works issued in Great Britain during the year:

New Books.....	21,645
Music, volumes and pieces.....	4,066
Maps.....	3,071
Atlases.....	25

Total.....28,807

In 1854 the number issued was but 19,578. The following table exhibits the imports and exports of books in 1856:

	Weight	Value.
Imports.....	5,771 cwt.	\$403,970
Exports.....	30,094 "	2,006,580

It will be seen from the above that the exports are fivefold more than the imports.

In relation to the United States, the results of the British book trade are,

Imports.....	cwt.	709.....	\$49,630
Exports.....	11,977.....	838,390	

This is not particularly flattering to our literary vanity.

METHODIST EDUCATIONAL CHANGES.—Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., LL. D., has resigned the Presidency of the Iowa Wesleyan University, having been elected editor of the Central Christian Advocate at St. Louis, Missouri.

Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., has resigned the Presidency of Dickinson College, and is succeeded by Rev. H. M. Johnson, D. D. Professor S. D. Hillman succeeds Professor Johnson.

Rev. R. S. Foster, D. D., has resigned the Presidency of the North-Western University to enter the pastoral work. Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., has been elected as his successor.

Rev. Edward Cooke, D. D., has been reelected to the Presidency of the Lawrence University.

Professors J. W. Lindsay and C. K. True have resigned their professorships in the Wesleyan University and entered the pastoral work—the former in New York city and the latter in Tarrytown. Rev. A. C. Foss, of the New York conference, succeeds Professor Lindsay. The successor of Professor True is not yet elected.

Rev. Abel Stevens, LL. D., has been elected a professor in the Troy University.

Rev. O. M. Spencer, A. M., of the Cincinnati conference, has been elected a professor in the Iowa University, at Iowa City.

Professor W. L. Harris, elected by the General conference Assistant Missionary Secretary for the west, has resigned his professorship in the Ohio Wesleyan University, and Rev. F. S. Hoyt, of Oregon, has been elected as his successor.

Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D. D., has been elected President of the Indiana State University.

Professor S. A. Lattimore has resigned the Professorship of Greek in the Indiana Asbury University, having accepted the Professorship of Natural Science in the Genesee College.

Rev. S. M. Fellows, A. M., has been elected President of Cornell College. Professor S. N. Fellows leaves the same institution to enter the pastoral work, and Mr. A. Collins, a graduate of the Wesleyan University, is elected to succeed him.

Rev. E. Thomson, D. D., LL. D., has resigned the Presidency of the Ohio Wesleyan University, having been elected editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal by the last General conference. Rev. Professor F. Merriek succeeds him. Rev. Dr. L. D. M'Cabe succeeds Professor Merriek in the department of Biblical Literature, and Professor W. D. Godman has been elected to succeed Professor M'Cabe in the department of mathematics.

NEW METHODIST DOCTORS.—The degree of D. D. has been conferred upon Rev. M. Marlay, of the Cincinnati conference, and Rev. J. L. Smjth, of the North-Western Indiana conference, by the Indiana State University; upon Rev. Professor E. E. E. Bragdon, of Genesee College, and Professor J. F. Jaquess, of the Quincy English and German College, by the Indiana Asbury University; upon Rev. Henry Slicer, of the East Baltimore conference, and Rev. D. W. Bartine, of the Philadelphia, by Dickinson College; upon Rev. T. M. Eddy, editor of the North-Western Christian Advocate, by Cornell College; upon Rev. C. B. Davidson, of the Indiana conference, by Washington College, Virginia; upon Rev. R. S. Rust, President of Wilberforce University, and Rev. Cyrus Brooks, of the Minnesota conference, by the Ohio Wesleyan University; upon Rev. Fitch Reed, of the Oneida conference, and Rev. George Loomis, of the Kansas and Nebraska conference, by Genesee College.

The honorary degree of LL. D. has been conferred upon Hon. J. A. Wright, United States Minister to Berlin, by the Indiana Asbury University; upon Rev. H. P. Torsey, Principal of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, by M'Kendree College; upon Professor J. L. Alverson, of the Genesee College, by Wesleyan University.

Literary Notices.

(1.) *LIFE OF JOHN HUNT; or, a Missionary among Cannibals.* By George S. Rowe. 16mo. 278 pp. New York: Carlton & Porter.—A beautiful illustration of the genius and power of Christianity is found in the life of John Hunt. Born in the lowest walks of life, he rose by the force of native genius, and still more by the refining grace of God, to be a workman indeed in the Christian ministry. The cry of, "Pity poor Fiji," penetrated his heart, and all the gifts of a noble nature were laid upon the altar of sacrifice for that land of cannibalism and untold crime. Ten years of toil and of daily, self-consuming sacrifice prove that the apostolic spirit still remains in the Church of God. Ay, proves more; it proves that the Gospel is yet the power of God unto salvation to the darkest and most degraded of our race. Thank God that the missionary spirit still lives and burns in his Church, and that there are those who are ready to give; not their money only, but themselves, to the cause. Christian reader, get this little book. The reading of it will do you good. It will stir up your personal piety—give you a higher estimate of the missionary work—lead you to pray more for its success and contribute more largely to its aid.

(2.) *JOURNAL OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.* Edited by Rev. Wm. L. Harris, D. D. Published by Carlton & Porter, New York. Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati. Octavo. 480 pp.—Dr. Harris shows as much skill in carrying his Minutes through the press as he did in writing and reading them. The work is just what it should be. It will take its place among the standard documents of the Church.

(3.) *THE BOOK OF DISCIPLINE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.* Published by Carlton & Porter, 200 Mulberry-street, New York. Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati.—Out in excellent season. It is neat, tasteful, and of the usual size. With all the changes incorporated by the General conference, it still looks and reads like the friend of former years. Every Methodist family should make sure of having our book of Doctrines and Discipline. It is the household book of Methodism.

THE following have been issued by Carlton & Porter for the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, namely:

(4.) *JANE ATHERTON'S YEAR AT SCHOOL.* With Illustrations. 18mo. 198 pp.—Jane Atherton, a student in a boarding school, so demeans herself as a follower of the Savior, that others are led to imitate her religious life.

(5.) *CLARA, the Motherless Young Housekeeper.* By Mrs. Locke. 18mo. 122 pp. With Illustrations.—The trials and the triumphs of a young and motherless housekeeper are here related in attractive style. The incidents furnished will have a tendency to inform the mind and better the heart. The young lady be-

ginning life, and wishing to begin it aright, may read it with much profit.

(6.) *PLEASANT TALKS WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.* By Rolin Ranger. 18mo. 154 pp. With Ten Illustrations.—The book abounds in interesting anecdote.

(7.) *LITTLE MABEL AND HER SUNLIT HOME.* By a Lady. 18mo. 164 pp. With Four Illustrations.—Little Mabel was the daughter of a minister—a pioneer minister. With a description of her child-life are interwoven many fresh and interesting incidents. It will be found to be a valuable addition to the Sunday school library.

(8.) *HAPPY MIKE; or, how Sam Jones became a good boy, and THE LITTLE GARDENER; or, the Way to be Happy.* With Two Illustrations. By Catherine D. Bell. 18mo. 144 pp.—Little Mike was a moral hero. The boy that imitates his conduct will be likely to grow up to be a noble, high-minded man.

(9.) *THE ALUMNA, Vol. II.*—This is an annual published by the Alumnae of the Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College. It is issued in very superior style from the Western Book Concern, and makes a bound volume of 164 pages. Besides the usual documentary and statistical matter, it contains several sketches, essays, and poems by members of the Alumnae Association. It will be welcomed by hundreds of the graduates and friends of this institution scattered over the country, and especially over the west. No less than 2,879 students have been enrolled upon the books of this institution since its organization. They represent twenty-six states of the Union, including California and Oregon. Of this number two hundred and seventy-seven have graduated—having completed either the classical or scientific course. The literary character of the volume is highly creditable to the committee that had it in charge.

(10.) *APPLETON'S HAND-BOOK OF TRAVEL* is a square 18mo of nearly 300 pages, and is sold in paper covers for 50 cents. It contains a full description of the principal cities, towns, and places of interest, together with hotels and routes of travel throughout the United States and the Canadas.

(11.) *HYMNS AND TUNES FOR PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.* Compiled by Rev. George C. Robinson. Small 18mo. 160 pp. Flexible Covers. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is the first volume issued by our new "firm." Nothing is wanting to its mechanical completeness—fine type, excellent paper, and flexible covers. We can not better introduce this admirable work to our readers than by inserting an extract from the Preface:

"The preparation of this work was undertaken in the hope of assisting devotional singing, and of thus rendering acceptable service to God. It is now offered, not to create, but to supply a want, of the existence of which there can be no doubt. The Rev. Dr.

D. W. Clark has thus expressed himself concerning it: 'The recent contributions to our social melodies have been numerous and valuable; yet no one of them has appeared to me exactly to meet the wants of the Church and the times. Some have depended mainly for success upon a few new and popular songs or tunes, others have been deficient in careful selection, and still others, by the insertion of many hymns and tunes rarely if ever used in social meetings, have been made too large and too expensive for popular use. The real want for our social meetings is a small and cheap volume, comprising the old hymns and tunes which have become sacred by almost universal use, and also a judicious selection from the later popular songs and melodies.' Rev. Dr. M'Clintock has also expressed substantially the same opinion. He says: 'A fit collection of prayer and class meeting tunes I have long desired to see. It certainly is one of the serious wants of the Church.'

"The plan of the book is as follows: It is small enough to make selections always easy, and to allow pastor and people to become thoroughly familiar with it: it is large enough to include several hymns under each of the topics which are ordinarily introduced into our social meetings. The great mass of the hymns are those which universal use has indicated as the best; so of the tunes. Those hymns and tunes are put together which, in our Church usage, have always been so associated. Where different tunes have been attached to a given hymn in different sections, the two most widely known in connection with the hymn are here put with it. Where hymns in the same meter occur on opposite pages, the intention is that either of the tunes may be used, according to preference. For instance, on pages 94 and 95 the tunes 'Joy' and 'Commuck' are both appropriate to the hymns, 'O, how happy are they!' and 'Come let us ascend.' There is also, it is hoped, a sufficient selection from the popular chorus tunes, of such as are superior in music and words, and likely to last. There have also been added a few grand hymns and tunes from various sources—chiefly from the German."

The author was assisted in the selection and arrangement of the music by Professor T. C. O'Kane—whose name is a guarantee that this part of the work has been well done. It ought to be the companion of the class and prayer meeting every-where. Nor is it of Methodist application only. The spirit of sacred song is universal as the vital breath of Christian life. No Christian, whatever may be his Church relation, need fear this little book. It is sold at the low price of 30 cents.

(12.) METHODIST QUARTERLY.—Dr. Whedon has returned to the post he has so ably filled the past four years with renewed vigor and zeal. The July number contains, 1. Mansell's Limits of Religious Thought, by Rev. Oliver S. Mansell, A. M., President of Illinois Wesleyan University. 2. Life of Plato, by Professor Godman, North-Western University, Evanston, Ill. 3. The "Edwardean" Theory of the Atonement, by Rev. William Fairfield Warren, Boston, Mass. 4. Obligations of Society to the Common Law, by E. L. Fancher, Esq., New York. 5. Alexander Von Humboldt and his Cosmos, by Professor

S. D. Hillman, Carlisle, Penn. 6. The Parsees, by Dr. L. P. Brockett, New York. 7. The Divine Human Person of Christ, by Rev. William Nast, D. D., Cincinnati, Ohio. 8. The American Pulpit, by Rev. Daniel P. Kidder, D. D., Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. 9. The Apostles' Creed, by G. P. Disosway, Esq., Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y. 10. Foreign Religious Intelligence. 11. Foreign Literary Intelligence. 12. Synopsis of the Quarterlies. 13. Quarterly Book Table.

(13.) BISHOP MORRIS'S SERMON. *A Discourse Commemorative of Rev. Beverly Waugh, D. D., Late Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Delivered before the General Conference in Buffalo, May 11, 1860. By Rev. Thomas A. Morris, D. D., present Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. 12mo. 32 pp. Published by Carlton & Porter, New York.*—Clear, sententious, and pertinent.

(14.) PRESBYTERIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.—This is a new and highly-promising candidate for popular favor. It is devoted to science, literature, and religion. Edited by Alfred Nevin, D. D. 48 pp. \$2 per annum. Philadelphia: Allan Pollock.

(15.) BLACKWOOD, for July, contains, The Russian Campaign of 1812; Adventures in Somali Island; Poetry; The Camden Wonder; The Royal Academy Exhibition; Norman Sinclair; An Election in France; Erinnyes; The Tory Party. New York: L. Scott & Co. \$3, or \$10 for Blackwood and the four Reviews.

(16.) PAMPHLETS.—1. Annual Announcement of the Ohio College of Dental Surgery, Cincinnati, O. 2. Chambers's Encyclopedia, Part 16. 3. The Christian Sabbath, or First Day of the Week; Harmonized with Creation Seventh Day, and Proven to be the Day "the Lord hath Made," as the Sabbath for Man. By Rev. E. M. H. Fleming, Member of the Iowa Annual Conference.

(17.) CATALOGUES.—1. Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, Rev. S. M. Fellows, A. M., President, assisted by six professors. Number of students, 373. 2. Centenary College of Louisiana, Rev. J. C. Miller, A. M., President, assisted by ten professors. Number of students, 263. 3. Fairfield Seminary, Fairfield, N. Y., Rev. J. B. Van Petten, A. M., Principal, assisted by eleven teachers. Number of students, 541. 4. Ohio Wesleyan Female College, Delaware, O., Rev. P. S. Donelson, D. D., President, assisted by six teachers. Number of students, 201. 5. Willoughby Collegiate Institute, Willoughby, O., S. S. Sears, A. M., President, assisted by seven teachers. Number of students, 185. 6. Xenia Female Collegiate Institute, Xenia, O., Wm. Smith, A. M., President, assisted by four teachers. Number of students, 98. 7. Indiana Asbury University, Greencastle, Ia., Rev. Thomas Bowman, D. D., President, assisted by seven professors. Number of students, 254. 8. Pittsburg Female College, Rev. J. C. Pershing, A. M., President, assisted by eleven teachers. Number of students, 175. 9. Moore's Hill Collegiate Institute, Indiana, Rev. S. R. Adams, A. M., President, assisted by seven teachers. Number of students, 212. 10. Baldwin University, Berea, O., Rev. John Wheel-er, D. D., President, assisted by eight professors.

Number of students, 388. 11. Beaver Female Seminary, Beaver, Penn., Rev. R. T. Taylor, A. M., President, assisted by seven teachers. Number of students, 147. 12. Illinois Conference Female College, Jacksonville, Ill., Rev. Charles Adams, A. M., President, assisted by eight teachers. Number of students, 183. 13. Worthington Female College, O., Rev. B. St. James Fry, A. M., President, assisted by three teachers. Number of students, 78. 14. Mount Union College and Normal Seminary, Stark county, O., Mr. O. N. Hartshorn, A. M., President, assisted by eight teachers. Number of students, 242. 15. Hillsboro Female College, O., Rev. Joseph M'D.

Mathews, D. D., President, assisted by eight teachers. Number of students, 113. 16. Albion Female College and Wesleyan Seminary, Mich., Rev. T. H. Sinex, A. M., President, assisted by seven teachers. Number of students, 341. 17. Valley Female Institute, Winchester, Va., Rev. Sydney P. York, A. M., Principal, assisted by six teachers. Number of students, 100. 18. Wesleyan Female College, Wilmington, Del., Rev. John Wilson, A. M., President, assisted by ten teachers. Number of students, 104. 19. Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O., Rev. E. Thomson, D. D., LL. D., President, assisted by seven professors. Number of students, 459.

New York Literary Correspondence.

Dog-days—City and Country—Rural Poetry—New Books—The August Magazines—Works of Travel and Exploration.

To write long letters, learned, piquant, and vivacious, under the reign of the dog-star, with the thermometer at ninety and the winds gone to sleep, *hic labor est*. I am, indeed, almost tempted to write you that I can not write, but then that too is labor, and, worst of all, labor without recompense. Doubtless the summer, with its heat, and dust, and lassitude, to say nothing of the musketoos and kindred plagues, has likewise its uses and its beauties, too; but one must go beyond the area of paved streets and the regions of gas-lights to become altogether sensible of them. In fact, I am inclined to think that great cities, though real conveniences and desirable as places of occasional resort, are most wretched places to live in, especially in warm weather, and that if the relative value of the two were properly appreciated, nobody would reside in town who is able to live in the country. Ah! there 's the rub. "Able to live in the country" is a phrase which means, "by interpretation," to combine in some suburban villa the advantages of both town and country by a cross of art upon nature, in which the good parts of both are preserved and the undesirable ones removed. That is the ideal that flits before the mind of the wearied townsman, and he sits languidly at his desk or hastens along dusty streets, redolent of other odors than those afforded by green copses and shady groves, and anticipating the while the day when he shall quit the town for some rural retreat. Such is ever the mirage of life. Just in advance we contemplate the beautiful and lovely, we see cooling fountains and embowered retreats awaiting us, and, though the hopes created by the illusion are never to be realized, yet are they valuable, since they amuse and console the spirit for the time being, and are often forgotten before their emptiness is seen.

Men's preferences for a rural or urban residence present a curious and instructive study. In youth and early manhood the tendency is to the city. At that time of life the social, or rather the gregarious propensities are in the ascendant. Individuality of character is then only partially developed, and the aid of associates and the excitements of associations

seem requisite to call out and duly exercise the appropriate mental activity. It is accordingly found that country-bred youth are often looking to the city as their future home; and it is well known that a very large proportion of the leading men of our American cities, in nearly every department of business and calling in life, were born and brought up in the country. The same rule applies to the human product as to others; the country produces the raw materials, which the city elaborates into more finished forms, and which especially it consumes. Our cities would make but slow progress in material growth if left to depend on the natural increase for their population, and our rural districts would make a like progress in culture without the influence of the cities. On the other hand, men of meridian and past meridian age often incline to exchange the city for the country. The individuality is then more nearly complete, and the man rather shuns the tumult of the crowd as an annoyance than courts it as a pleasant excitement. Here, no doubt, lie the secret charms that sages have seen in the face of solitude, and it is probably as a retreat from undesired associations quite as much as from any intrinsic excellences found in them that the "sequestered shades" and "philosophic solitudes" are coveted by the wise.

There is a further reason for this in the fact that a just blending of art and nature seems best adapted to the æsthetic requirements of man's spirit in its matured normal condition. The pent-up city affords no room for the requisite expansion of the mind and for its healthful exercise, while the broad wastes, whether of the ocean or the wilderness, though they minister to excitements, fail to afford the requisite fruition and repose. The embowered cottage, the garden, lawn, field, and meadow, the mill by the stream, the quiet country church, and the not far-distant village, are the furniture of the landscape which suggest and evince the happy blending of art and nature, enabling the contemplative mind to dwell upon them and among them complacently. The very general appreciation of rural poetry, when true to nature, is evidence of these things, as every cultivated reader of the "Traveler" or the "Deserted Village" can not have failed to feel and perceive.

Take from those exquisite poems their pictures of cultivated rural beauty, and they are stripped of nearly every thing for which they are prized.

After all, I am pretty well satisfied that, however pretty these things may be to think of or to write about, they contributed only indirectly and remotely to either strength of thought or elegance of expression. The influences of the face of nature over character and genius have, I think, been overestimated. I once heard Dr. Bethune lauding some modern Dutch poet, whom he styled the "Hollandish Nightingale," and, to set off the praises of his songster to the better advantage, he described him as writing his exquisite verses among the monotonous scenery of the Netherlands, in a dirty Dutch village, with a muddy canal for a Helicon and a pile of herring-barrels for a Parnassus! The genesis of a large share of our poetry will show that the real Helicon and Parnassuses have generally been of a similar character. Addison wrote the "Campaign" in a third-story garret in the Hay-market; Johnson composed his "London" while perambulating the streets of that city and drinking inspiration at the town pump; and Campbell dreamed out his "Lochiel" in bed, and Thomson described the glory of sunrise from hearsay, as he seldom left his bed till nearly noon. A narrow room, styled by courtesy a study, scantily furnished with chairs and table, and a few books among dust and disorder, is usually the chosen scene where genius gives birth to its noblest productions. But even this outfit is no certain sign that genius resides where it is found, else might your readers have hope in my case.

Your correspondent, dear editor, has told you something of his surroundings, and, further, he presents his case as a proof that, like other shrines, that erected to genius is sometimes unfrequented by its inspiring divinity. If I should charge my own emptiness of thought to the barrenness of the season and the scantiness of the literary harvest, I should be insincere; for, however that may be relatively as compared with other times, there is, no doubt, enough abroad to repay research and observation. Besides, what does real genius care for dearth or fertility in others? its resources are in itself, and upon these it chiefly relies. But herein I make only small pretensions, and so I must content myself with noting the few things that come within the narrow circle of my own little horizon.

I presume a large number of valuable works have been published within a few months past, so the publishers' circulars tell us, and the book notices of the periodical press confirm the statement. But I will confess to you that as to many of them I have not even seen them, and of those I have seen I have examined a large share only partially. A pretty large pile lies accumulated on "our table," of which some have been read, some glanced at, and some are awaiting further notice. To the first class belongs the "Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church," for 1860. I have read it through, and, were that in my line, I might feel tempted to write a review of it. It would certainly afford all necessary matter, and I think it could be made truly interesting. But that is not my province,

and so I will only write about it a little. It is a portly octavo of nearly five hundred pages, containing the daily proceedings of the General conference and the various documents produced by it. Two hundred and twenty delegates and six bishops, to say nothing of the aid rendered by the lobby, labored steadily for five consecutive weeks, and, it would seem, accomplished a good deal, though much more was proposed that never was consummated—happily for all parties. As a specimen of successful journalizing, this volume is worthy to be consulted as a model. Next in order I have the "Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1860, with an Appendix." It is the same little book upon which the great Methodist family have been accustomed to look with feelings of half dread and half affection for three-quarters of a century, only slightly modified as to its matter, but greatly improved as to its arrangement, dress, and exterior. If any body should be alarmed in reading the Journal on account of the many changes made or proposed, an examination of this little book will effectually quiet his fears, and convince him that the integrity of the Church has not been disturbed; and if he chooses he may comfort his Methodist loyalty by finding in this example of stability among changes an analogy between his Church and other living bodies, of which that phenomenon is a test. I next take up the Methodist Quarterly Review for July. (It has just thirteen articles, as had one of its predecessors of which I wrote you, which fact is neither curious nor remarkable.) The subjects discussed are most happily varied and uniformly well chosen, and the several themes are ably discussed. In all these several points the Review is manifestly improving, while the editorial contributions constitute its special attraction. The notes interspersed through the standing article, "Synopsis of the Quarterlies," are eminently Whedonian, hitting the nail precisely at a single blow, and sending it home without needing a second stroke. The same characteristics appear in the "Quarterly Book Table." Book notices are like the figs which the prophet saw in his vision, either very good or very bad. Occasionally one meets with some of the better kind, while the worse may be found almost at will. I will not attempt to say how they should be written, but will only remark that Dr. Whedon's facility of perception, by virtue of which he seizes the salient points of whatever he considers, aided by his epigrammatic style of writing, by which he throws off wholesale thoughts and conclusions in a single paragraph, peculiarly fit him for that kind of writing, and impart a special value to his literary paragraphs. From the Quarterly and its editor the transition to Dr. Whedon's Commentary is natural and easy. The selection of that kind of writing by the author of this volume was peculiarly happy, since for several reasons he is specially adapted to the kind of work, and just such a production has long been greatly needed. To write disquisitions and learned Biblical or theological essays is quite another thing than writing a good commentary on the holy Scriptures, while on the other hand mere annotations on detached texts scarcely deserve attention at all. Of the latter kind are most of the older class of com-

mentaries, whose five or six great volumes seem, indeed, to be what Robert Hall styled one of them, a continent of mud, while some of the later works are rather disquisitions and essays than expositions of the sacred text. Dr. Whedon's method combines the good qualities of the two systems and avoids the objectionable points of both. Learned and scholarly, but without pedantry, it will compel the respect of erudite critics, and yet, by the plainness and naturalness of the expositions given, the unlearned may use it without fear of stumbling constantly among unintelligible matters, and be enabled to apprehend the things that are taught him in his New Testament. I am glad Dr. Whedon was ever induced to undertake the preparation of such a work; and now that it is published, I congratulate all the parties in interest on that event. That the book will have a large sale and wide circulation there can be no question. It is especially adapted to the necessities of Sunday school teachers and of the more advanced pupils in Bible classes; and whoever uses it with proper diligence will not fail to come to a rational understanding of the evangelical story and just comprehension of the doctrines of the Gospel system.

The "Life of Jacob Gruber" is Dr. Strickland's latest contribution to Methodist biographical literature—I believe it is yet the latest, though probably it will not be so much longer—and one of the best. Gruber was a real character, a genuine man, and a Methodist preacher of the old type, and so strongly marked was his individuality that he was unlike every other. It seems to have been the writer's purpose to delineate the man in his true character, rather than to make a book of fine writing and of elegantly-constructed chapters and periods. I read the book through because I liked it, and I can commend it to any who desire to sup on plain common-sense seasoned with real humor, and to contemplate an earnest, honest Christian man. Again I say, success to Dr. Strickland, the Belzoni of our Methodist literature!

Next in order comes "The Homilist," a work, no doubt, you have seen, and its author, too. Now, shall I confess to you that I have a kind of instinctive aversion to the whole class of "Helps for the Pulpit," and "Preachers' Assistants," and whatever else comes properly under the head of "preaching made easy?" I know of but one expedient for securing good preaching abilities, and that is diligent study, devoted to both matter and method. I have doubted whether or not it is advisable that a preacher, and especially a young one, should read sermons at all; as to the inexpediency of using them as set models after which to form their own discourses, there can be no question. The only collection that has seemed to me likely to benefit a young preacher by way of affording him valuable models for the pulpit, is Robert Hall's fourth volume, which is made up of sketches taken by others of that great man's ordinary *extempore* sermons; to others, quite possibly, they may seem otherwise. After saying so much, you will readily believe that I opened your friend's book with some misgivings, but, I trust, without undue prejudice. As a book of sermons for reading, these have some advantages over most, especially in that they leave something for the reader to do in filling

up what is given only in outline, and that on account of their brevity they often only suggest thoughts which the reader must elaborate for himself. Sermons as preached must concede to the hearer the indulgence of mental indolence, and, therefore, every thing must be given at length and fully elaborated; but they who read sermons should come to their business prepared to think. But may not printed discourses be studied as models as the tyro in the arts uses the models given him by his instructor, or the more advanced art-student meditates upon the works of the great masters? I doubt, but if so, then I would commend this volume.

"Life in Sing Sing Prison," by Rev. John Luckey, has recently made its appearance from the press of N. Tibbals and Company. For some cause its publication has been delayed till this time, and it now comes forth in a snug volume of nearly four hundred pages. Of the character of the book I can speak confidently, for I have read the whole of it carefully, and I do not hesitate to pronounce it a work of very great value. A further notice will be given hereafter.

The magazines for August are out; Harpers' as usual rich in its abundance of matter and the affluence of its illustrations, and the Atlantic in the classical purity of its style and matter. The first paper in the latter, entitled rather fancifully "The Carnival of the Romance," is a remarkable piece of criticism, evincing a high degree of culture and of æsthetical appreciation, such as we seldom find in any other magazine in this country. Articles of the same general character have occasionally appeared in the Methodist Quarterly—more formerly, I think, than lately. The "Professor" continues his "story" without any abatement of vivacity. A decidedly good little poem of some forty-five lines is found in this number headed, "*Anno Domini 1860*," and beginning, "My youth is past." I did not write it, that is certain, but I really think there is somewhere within me the elements of just such a piece. Did you never experience that feeling, sometimes in reading or hearing a felicitous statement of a theme upon which you have busied your thoughts, that undue liberties were taken with things that belonged to yourself? I have.

Within a few years past our friends, the Harpers, have issued a large number of valuable books of travels and explorations. Upon one of the shelves of my bookcase stand, side by side, four stately volumes, than which no better are found in the collection. They are Livingstone's South Africa, Atkinson's Siberia, Page's Paraguay, and Ellis's Madagascar, all published by that one house since the spring of 1858. Other valuable works in the same department have been issued by them during the same period, and especially have they contributed largely to the public knowledge of the interior of Africa. Still another volume is now promised as forthcoming—Explorations in Eastern Africa, by Burton—which, we are told, will fully equal in interest any of its predecessors. Other publishing houses also promise some good things, which I hope to attend to in due time, but just now the weather is too warm and my feelings too much inclined to the luxury of repose to allow me to write further.

Editor's Table.

TINTED ENGRAVINGS.—We give to our readers another of our tinted steel engravings in this number. The mellow richness which this new art gives to a landscape scene must be felt and acknowledged by all. We are proud of this achievement of art. Of all the magazines in the country the Repository was the first to employ it. Even now we believe it is the only one that gives original tinted steel plates. In this respect it has become the patron of art as well as the cultivator of literature.

THE REST AT EVE is one of those calm, dreamy scenes so peculiar to a late summer or early autumn day. Not only does it invite to repose, but it teaches rest as a duty. Those still waters, that quiescent ocean of flecked ether high above and around, those manifest intuitions of the animal creation, are so many utterances of nature teaching busy, restless, craving, importunate man—that there is a time to rest as well as work.

EDUCATIONAL CHANGES have been numerous with us this year. No less than eight of our colleges have changed their presidents. There have been also some dozen changes in the professorship departments. The coming educational men of the Church need not fear but that a place will be open to them.

DANCING AND THE CHURCH.—"H. A. M." and "others who desire to see something on the subject of dancing in the Repository," have only to turn to the June number for 1855, page 374, and they will find an elaborate discussion of the subject. Or, what is better, they can find the same article, as reproduced by the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in tract form, No. 492. This can be had for \$1 per hundred. Let it be purchased and circulated. It will contribute something at least toward checking an evil, the tendency of which is to consume the life-blood of the Church.

MRS. HEMANS VS. MRS. SIGOURNEY.—The poem on the "death of an infant," attributed by one of our correspondents to Mrs. Hemans, is the production of Mrs. Sigourney. It was published in a collection of Mrs. Hemans's poems by mistake.

OLD MACKINAW is the title of a new work from the prolific pen of Dr. Strickland. It has not yet reached us; but from the almost inexhaustible resources of traditionary and historical romance connected with old Mackinaw and its adjacent islands and waters, we look for a book of rare interest.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We have a large account to settle with our contributors this month. The interruptions in our editorial labors during the past few months, occasioned by annual and General conference duties, have thrown us back in this department. We have now read up, and give the result.

The following prose articles are respectfully declined: "The Voice of Nature," "Show Mercy,"

"Twilight of the Heart," "The Lesson," "The Child's Curse," "The Deluge," "Several Memoirs," "An Hour with an Itinerant," "Hope the Anchor," "The Parry," "From Quaker Valley to Science Hill," "Greedy of Gain," "Up and Down," "Education—its Purpose," "Review of Mrs. — Poems," "The World's Curse," "The Days of Other Years," "Our Better Thoughts," "The Student," "The Love of Life," "Spirit Longings," "Power and Goodness of God," "The New-Born Soul," and "Sea-Side Rambles."

The following poems must also be placed in the same category: "The Motherless," "The Three Homes," "Lines to a Friend," "My Future Home," "The Father's Home," "The Past," "Beauty," "Twilight," "The Last Dream," "The Serenade," "My Native Home," "To Mrs. —," "The Lord turned and Looked upon Peter," "The Spring," "The Bereaved Mother's Relief," "Poesy's Home," "Cast Down but not Destroyed," "Go to God in Prayer," "What I Like," "The Little Flower," "The Maiden's Dying Words," "God's Power," "Our Darling," "Death of Mrs. F. S. Osgood," "River of Intemperance," "The Voice of Nature," "The Dying Schoolmaster," "Bianca," "To my Wife," "A Flower," "Cast thy Bread upon the Waters," "Gratitude," "Where is thy Home?" "A Pleasant Summer Day," "Hope," "The Little Shoes," "The April Rain," "The Runaway Canary-Bird," "Riches of Spring," "Aurelia," "I Love the Spring," "Itinerant's Farewell to Home," "Absent Friends," "Sabbath Day," "My Mother's Prayers," "Lines on the Grave of Mrs. —," "The Ungrateful Daughter," and "Resigned."

The articles below were anonymous: "Death and the Christian," "Trust," "Come," "He Giveth his Beloved Sleep," "Twilight Musing," "Our Soul-Life," and "Hope."

"Letter to an Afflicted Mother" is well written and expressive, but hardly adapted to our use. "Sounds from Life's Silent Places" is prettily versified, but would need correction. "Recollections of Sunday School Days" has some good parts, but we will hardly use it. The author of "Spirit Risings" will do well to use her pen. "Nettie's Letters" are neatly written, but will hardly do for us. "The New Bonnet" is good in its teaching, but is too essay-like for narration.

THE METHODIST appears well in type, and shows no little amount of editorial labor. Were it merely a literary and religious paper we should be disposed to welcome it, and hope for its usefulness. But coming as the dying echo of the celebrated "Ministers and Laymen's Union," of New York city—a Church political organization—we can hope for but little good to the Church from it. The history of some of our "more independent organs," in times past as well as in the present, is eminently suggestive. The modest

assumption that it is to be "more thoroughly edited" than our regular Church papers, is a harmless, though somewhat amusing conceit. Its price is \$2 per annum, while that of our Church weekly papers is but \$1.50.

"UP THE HILL A-BERRYING."—A neat little poem, by Luella Clark, was published under this title in the March number, 1859, of the Repository—since then it has been copied into many of our exchanges with a variety of headings, such as "Jenny," "I and Jenny Davis," but, we believe, never once with the proper credit either to the author or the magazine.

WHY IS NOT MY ARTICLE PUBLISHED?—Happy is the editor who does not have this question now and then thrust into his face. Sometimes the question is uttered in a tone that grates harshly upon his ear; sometimes couched in language that gives evidence of any amount of pent-up indignation. We have a case just in hand. A contributor says: "In April I sent an article, another the 14th of May, and a third the 25th of June. With each of them I made the request that you would do me the kindness to return the manuscripts if you did not care to publish them. As it is now three months since the first was forwarded, the most natural inference is, that, though rejected, the manuscripts are not returned. Is it not ungenerous to refuse, on looking over and condemning an article, to place it in an envelope, which may be done as easily as to throw it into a waste basket?" Ahem! may be; may be not. Let us make a few notes for the benefit of our contributors generally, just premising by the way that we have no earthly recollection of the special articles in question.

First, we have again and again advertised our contributors that we can not return manuscripts from the office. It may seem a small thing to place a single article in an envelope, direct it, and send it to the post-office. But it is not always so easy a matter; and then when the one is increased to *hundreds*, it becomes a labor no editor will undertake. Besides, it is practically more difficult than it seems. Many of the articles finally rejected are "sort of goodish;" they are read, reread, placed on file for further consideration and as a sort of reserve in view of the possible contingencies of the demand for "copy." After a long lapse of time they come to a final reading and rejection, when perhaps the request and locality of the author are forgotten. It may be "ungenerous," after all, in the editor not to return the manuscripts; but we incline to think that it is equally ungenerous on the part of the writer not to make some compensation to the editor for the extra labor he has occasioned him.

Then, too, if an article is accepted it can not always be published in our next issue. It has numerous competitors, of equal claim it may be; and also fitness and variety must be studied in making up a number. A person unacquainted with the routine of an editor's office can hardly comprehend all the contingencies that may affect the destiny of an article. At least we will say that three months is no unusual time for articles from our very best contributors to be in the editor's hands before they can fittingly find place in our columns. Nor is it uncommon for arti-

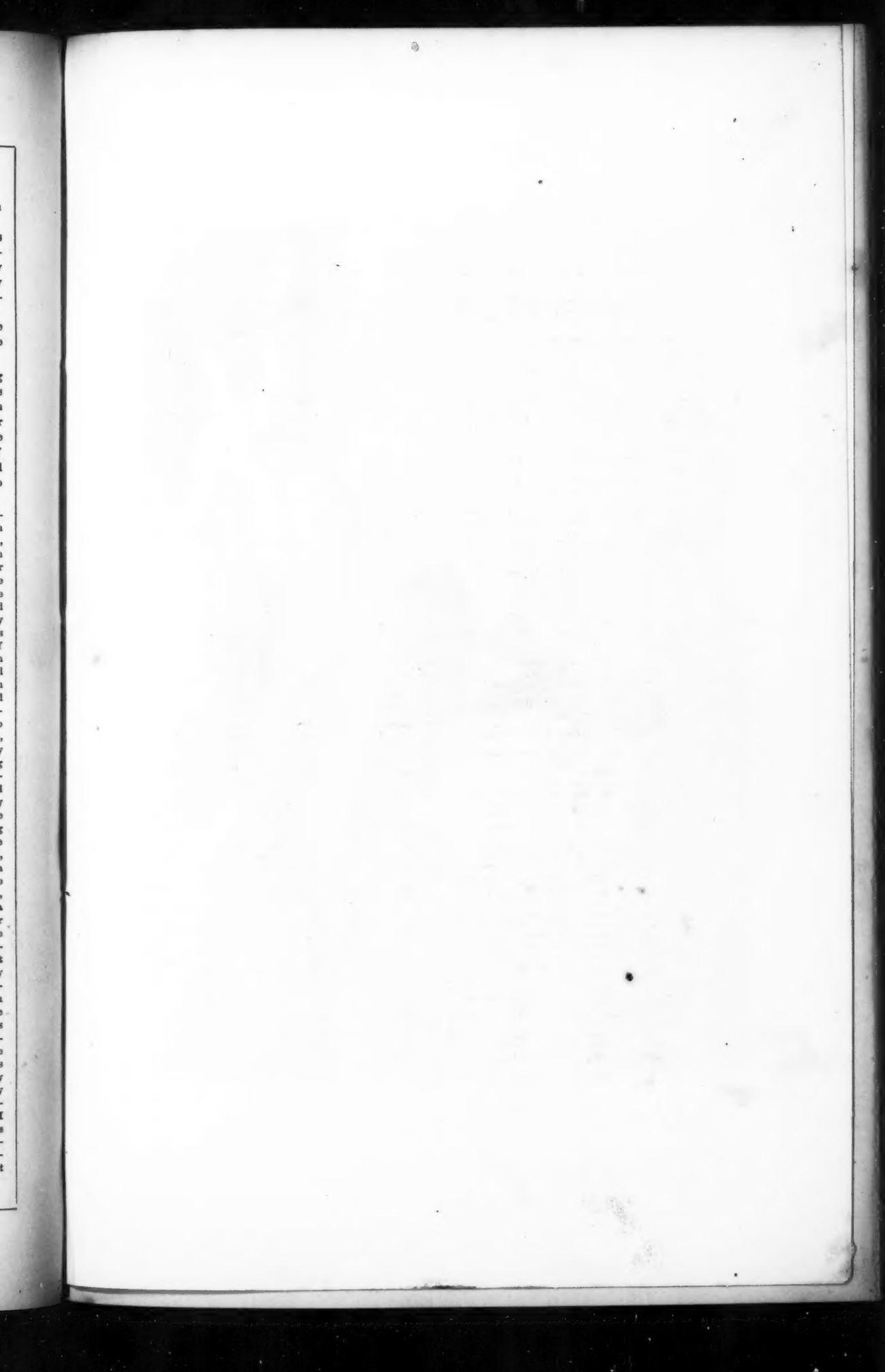
cles that were accepted without hesitation to be on hand months before we can use them.

But, to conclude our homily, let none of our writers fear the rejection of an article if it has real and decided merit. The diver does not more eagerly desery or more firmly grasp a pearl of surpassing brilliancy and size than an editor a contribution of rare richness and beauty.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that a little more modesty and a little less peevishness on the part of writers would be a great relief to editors.

WHERE IS LOON LAKE?—A correspondent, writing from Shawano, Wisconsin, claims the locality of this celebrated Lake for that region. He makes out an interesting case, to say the least. It will set our readers who are fond of hunting and fishing on the *qui vive*. Our correspondent must not be surprised if the quiet of Shawano should some day be disturbed by a party of excursionists inquiring the way to "Loon Lake." But let us hear him:

I wish to answer the question—"Where is Loon Lake?"—which will be asked by every one who sees the engraving in the January number of the Repository, which, by the way, has but recently fallen into my hands. Loon Lake is in Shawano county, near Lake Shawano, and about ten or twelve miles north-east of the village of Shawano, in the pinery of northern Wisconsin. The Lake derives its name from a large water fowl, great numbers of which are found in this Lake and vicinity. The Lake is also inhabited by several kinds of wild ducks. A variety of wild game is found near, and the waters are inhabited by a large variety of fish, the most delicate of which is the speckled trout, which live in the small streams emptying into Loon Lake, and which are not found any where else in this vicinity. Loon Lake is surrounded by a dense forest of gigantic trees and thick under-brush; the banks are very high and steep, except on the east side, where there is an opening of about two hundred acres. This opening is covered with a green sod, which gives it the appearance of an old meadow recently mowed, and forms a strong contrast with the surrounding wildness. The Menomonee Indians, who live on their reservation a few miles north of here, but who formerly occupied all of the surrounding country, have a tradition, that many years ago, long before the pale faces came to these remote regions, there was a small Menomonee village on the clearing by this Lake, and a few small mounds are pointed out as the burial-place of the villagers, who, many, many summers ago, raised their corn in this clearing and paddled their canoes on the waters of this romantic Lake. The head man of the village, or the chief of the small band, had, for some reason, gone down the Wolf river, near Lake Winnebago, when, in a quarrel, he killed a Winnebago Indian. About a moon after his return to his wigwam, which stood in the center of the village, a party of Winnebagoes surprised the village and massacred all of the inhabitants excepting four, who were absent on a hunting excursion. The two tribes were immediately involved in a long and sanguinary war, which was terminated by the disastrous defeat of the Winnebagoes and the death of their chief, who had long been distinguished among the neighboring tribes for his bravery. The slaughtered villagers were all buried in the mounds which were previously constructed to bury those who died in peace. Since that time no red man will hunt near this Lake; for they believe it is haunted by the spirits of the dead. Occasionally a company will go there to perform religious rites, but they never tarry over night. The Indian name for the Lake is *Pe-nun Wan-ke-chon*, which means "the lake haunted by the dead." I am sure that it must be some cruel act of man which gives this name to so beautiful a lake. The aboriginals are beginning to call the Lake by its new name, and seem to be forgetting their superstitions about the Lake; but they do not often frequent the locality.





THE RESCUE.

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Engraved by J. C. Smith, N.Y.

HON. JAMES HARLAN, M.D.

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IOWA

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